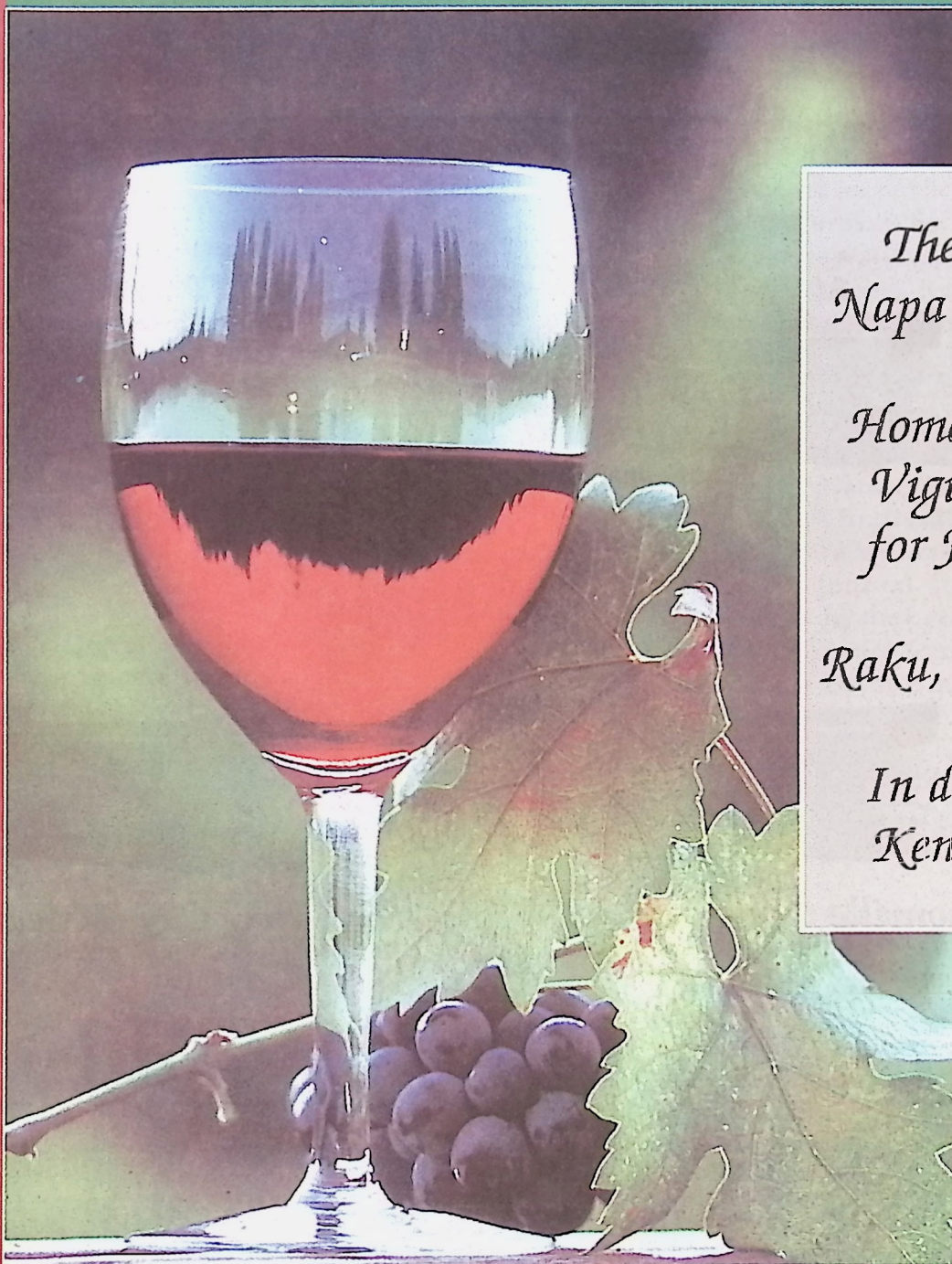


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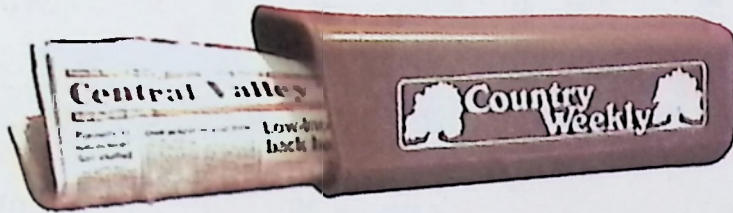
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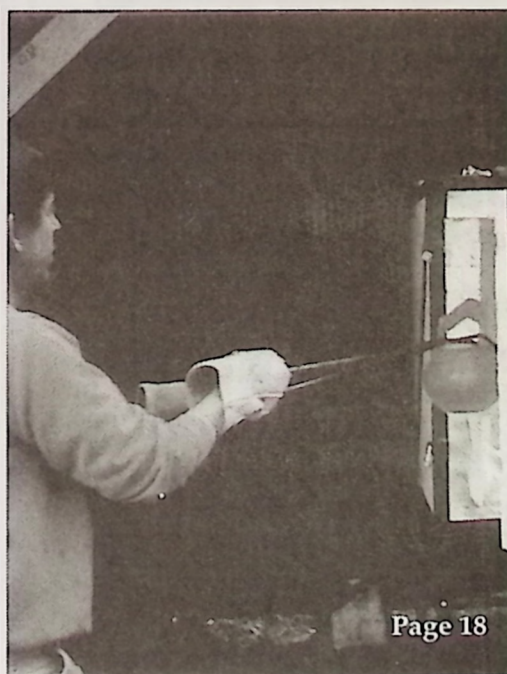
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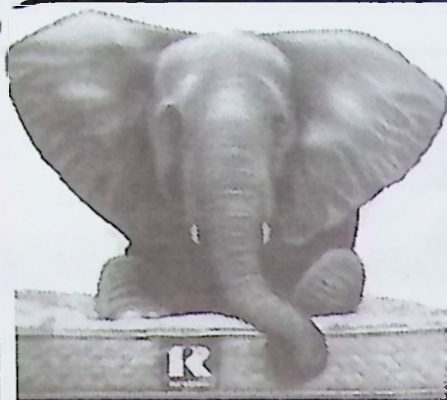


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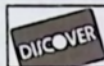
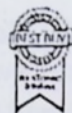
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Letters

You're welcome!

When I became a supporter of JPR, I did so because of your fine radio programs.

The *Jefferson Monthly* was an unexpected benefit. The writing is first-rate.

JPR is food for the mind/ears. The *Jefferson Monthly* is food for the mind/eyes.

Thanks!

Nora V. Harrison
Roseburg

Wake up, JPR

Jefferson Public Radio is losing broad public support, because it and National Public Radio disproportionately represent a narrowing segment of the populace.

Permitting third-party funding for a single person's outlook is an egregious violation of public radio's mandate.

JPR's integrity as an unbiased news source is compromised by this policy, because insufficient airtime exists to present every opinion, and JPR can't justifiably deny any person the same forum if it's independently funded.

Many people continue to listen to JPR because few alternatives exist, but, if it doesn't broaden its perspectives to reflect the entire public, it will find itself speaking only to the chorus of true believers.

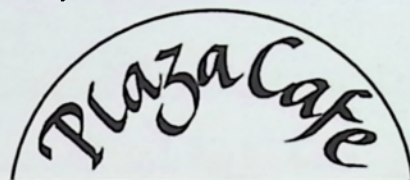
Thomas Matosec
Coos Bay

The editors welcome letters from readers, and also encourage local writers to submit articles and short fiction. Payment is up to \$100, depending on length. For guidelines, or with proposals for articles, call 503-664-5665 or 503-474-3816.

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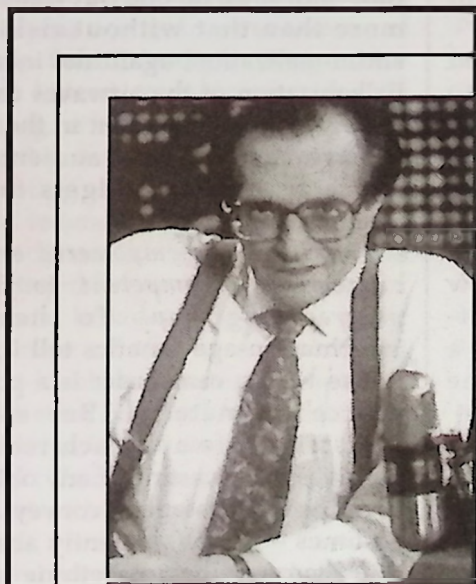
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Tuned in

Ronald Kramer



Obsolescent? Not JPR

IS PUBLIC RADIO in danger of being overwhelmed by the proliferation of new media?

Some observers think so, but I'm most definitely not one of them. Here's why.

Though every innovation in mass communications in this century has been heralded as a turning point in history, somehow it's never quite

worked out that way. For example, cable TV — like radio and over-the-air TV

before it — was supposed to result in the universalization of Athenian-style democracy. But what actually happened was that the average viewer stubbornly preferred entertainment to civic improvement, and so we ended up with too many channels, few of them any good.

As former CBS News president Fred Friendly was perceptive enough to realize way back in 1970, "60 channels won't stop the decay [in the quality of programming] simply through diversity." Instead, Friendly predicted, "the current monopoly [by the networks] could give way to a new Tower of Babel, in which a half-hundred voices scream in a cacophonous attempt to attract the largest audience."

The pattern first dimly discerned by Friendly is so unmistakable today that I make bold to infer from it the following laws:

•1. *New channels don't inevitably lead to new programming.* Far from it, there seems to be no limit — as cable TV has all too plainly demonstrated — to the number of ways old movies and sitcoms can be repackaged, particularly when conditions in the marketplace make the temptation to repackage them irresistible (see Law 2).

•2. *If a substantial segment of so-called*

free TV is converted to a subscription basis, the revenues available for programming will inevitably be smaller, because of the fragmentation of the mass audience. This law applies even where subscriber-supported stations can draw on advertising as well, because of the increasing number of stations competing for viewers. Indeed, with their share of the audience continuing to dwindle, the three big networks have already been forced to make up for lost ad revenues at the expense of their once-proud news divisions. And, in what could be a grim portent for them, Fox, the fourth network, doesn't even have a news division, but makes do with tabloid-style journalism, because it's cheaper to produce.

•3. *Truly viable new channels that fill programming niches — for example, ESPN — can indeed be created, but they're certain to be vastly outnumbered by the sitcom recyclers.*

In public radio, Marconi's vision continues to survive

The growth of niche-filling channels is also bound to come at the expense of the mainstream networks.

•4. *You can't watch TV 24 hours a day.* The average citizen already spends nearly seven hours a day in front of the tube and, since no one can watch much more than that without risking institutionalization, again the increasing Balkanization of the airwaves can only contribute to a reduction in the size of the average channel's audience, and hence to smaller budgets for programming.

•5. *The media-empowered ordinary citizen isn't competent to fill the programming gap.* To hear the information-age fanatics tell it, every house with a camcorder is a potential source of material. But such an indiscriminate approach recklessly absolves broadcasting of any obligation to shape the messages it conveys. It also assumes — what's patently absurd — that everyone has something socially significant to say.

•6. *Without fair-sized audiences, channels or stations are merely flapping their gums.* Programming that doesn't reach a sizable number of people fails the social-value test, and isn't worth the money it costs.

Where multiplying channels do have considerable potential is in the

dissemination of information, as opposed to substantive programming. But information is raw data, not plays, or concerts, or analytical news broadcasts. And where the latter are concerned, commercial broadcasting is unlikely ever to satisfy all of society's needs. True, classical music and jazz might end up in the next century leaving their longtime home on public radio and migrating to the equivalent of a digital jukebox. But commercial broadcasters can hardly be expected in the 21st century any more than in the 20th to take the place of public broadcasting in exploring new music, or anything else out on the cultural edge, where there's little money to be made. Nor is there much chance that commercial broadcasters will ever reassemble the giant news-gathering operations they used to have. The pressures of the marketplace have simply deprived them of that option, as of the option to explore the multicultural evolution of our society — another undertaking long on commitment and short on profits.

THOUGH SOME at the federal level may be tempted to believe that the need for public radio will fade as alternative media multiply, the opposite is in fact the case. Public broadcasting will become ever more necessary as a constructive center of gravity in Fred Friendly's tilting Tower of Babel. Indeed, to compensate for the siphoning off of some of its current support by competing media, public broadcasting will probably require an increased federal investment — and not least because the government has diluted its public-service expectations of commercial broadcasting to the point where most of the so-called "new media" — cable, computer, and satellite — aren't even required to be licensed, or to undergo federal review.

I suspect that, if one could conjure up the ghost of Marconi and ask him to comment on today's media marketplace, he'd cry out in despair, as he did in 1931: "What have you done to my child?" Do him a favor, if that happens, and tell him to tune to JPR. In public broadcasting, Marconi's vision for his child survives, and will continue to survive, if we know what's good for us.

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.

Words

Wen Smith



Pass the spudds

HE'S DONE it again," my wife said to me, back during the waning days of the Bush administration.

She loves to use vague words just to get me listening.

"Who's done what?" I asked.

"Dan Quayle has put another foot in his mouth," she said.

Seems the then-vice president had amused his critics by "correcting" an elementary-school youngster at a spelling bee. The kid spelled the word *potato* right: three syllables, six letters, with a final *o*. But the vice-president told him *potato* should end with an *e*.

"Don't laugh," I said to my wife. "Guffawing at the vice president qualifies as a national pastime. But his critics just don't realize how difficult it is to spell a word like *potato* and get it right."

"You're kidding," my wife said.

Half kidding, maybe; but spelling *potato* is no piece of cake.

"Maybe it's easy for people born, raised, or trapped in Idaho," I said. "They learn early that *Idaho* has no final *e*, and neither has *potato*. But the rest of us don't have that advantage."

"Should be easy for folks in Ohio," she said. "Ohio is round on the ends and high in the middle. A potato is round on the end, therefore it ends with an *o*."

"Faulty reasoning," I said. "My big toe is round on the end, too, but it's spelled *toe*. Anyway, words like *piano* and *hero* and *gazebo* and *potato* are a puzzle. Why aren't they like *hoe* or *doe*?"

"Because those are one-syllable words," she said.

"So are *no* and *go*," I said. "And what about *oh* and *grow* and *sew* and *through*?"

She agreed there's more challenge to spelling than strikes the ear. Getting such words right calls for two levels of intelligence.

First, imitation. Most of us aren't

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much good at monkey-see, monkey-do. We listen to good singers, but we still can't carry a tune. We read books and magazines full of good spelling, but we still can't spell.

Second, good spelling calls for discrimination, the wisdom to judge who's worth imitating. Too often we imitate singers who have more fame than talent, and we spell it *potatoe* as we see it on the menu board at Jack-in-the-Box.

QUAYLE IS out of office now, and his successor, Al Gore, carries the banner as national schlemiel. Caught by the television cameras while on a tour of Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello, Gore observed a roomful of statues. "And who are these?" he asked the guide. Accustomed to schoolchildren, the guide replied, "Well, this is George Washington, and this . . ."

But let's give both veeps the benefit of the doubt. Gore, not unlike a statue himself, may have thought it was a roomful of mirrors. And anyone who grew up knowing a Quayle from a quail may see spelling niceties that most of us

miss. Maybe, after all, a potatoe isn't just another potato.

Veep bashing is smart these days — smart, but not wise. None of us is exempt from the sting of the spelling bee. Even one of the newspapers that sneered at Quayle editorially for spelling *potato* with an *e* carried in the same issue a report on a midwestern "tornadoe."

Personally, I think *potatoe* is appealing, and that Quayle has pointed the way to a new, more inventive covenant of American spelling. Why not let our spelling convey the spud's infinite variety? We could spell it *potato* (raw), *potatoe* (fried), *potatoh* (scalloped), *potatow* (mashed), *potatough* (stuffed), *potateau* (au gratin), and *potateaux* (French fried). If we go that route, creative spellers of tomorrow may see Dan Quayle as a genuine American hero.

Wen Smith's *Speaking of Words* is heard on the *Jefferson Daily* every Monday afternoon, and on *KSOR's First Concert* Saturdays at 10 a.m.

without jobs — with the result that Oregon's labor supply is growing faster than employment. And that's the biggest single reason why the state's unemployment rate remains chronically high, despite a slowly but steadily growing economy. Job creation in Oregon is just above the national average. But, as soon as business creates new jobs, hundreds of people are waiting to fill them.


A recent study done for the Oregon Progress Board shows that 29% of today's residents didn't live in the state in 1987. Since many of these people arrived without work, they've ended up forming such long lines at employers' doors that Symantec, for example, is paying starting salaries "in the low teens" for order-fillers, and in the "low 20s" for customer-service and technical representatives. These are indeed "pathetic" salaries compared with California's, but they're made possible by Oregon's bloated labor market.

In 1979, per-capita income in the state was \$100 above the national average. During the recession of the mid-'80s, that figure plummeted to \$1,300 below the national average and, though it's returned today to just \$100 below it, the recovery has been slowed by the surplus labor supply and depressed wages attributable to the great number of jobless newcomers.


The Center for Population Research and Census at Portland State University estimates that upwards of 140,000 people move into Oregon each year, while only 90,000 Oregonians leave. The immigrants, as a consequence, have so great an edge that they overwhelm the number of new jobs created in the state each year.

CRITICS WHO decry the economic policies that create these large pools of desperate people willing to work for any wage are accused of playing "the politics of envy." Campaigns to reform the system by raising taxes on those who looted the store in the '70s and the '80s just play on the envy of the poor, say federal politicians who themselves now make \$130,000 a year. After all, with a little hard work and no morals, anyone can become rich.

The conservatives aren't above playing the politics of envy either.



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Politics of envy an artful dodge

THE SALARIES are pathetic in Oregon," says Kim Peck, "but I'm willing to work for half of what I was making."

In San Francisco, Peck earned \$25 an hour as operations manager for a biotechnology firm. Unemployed for seven months after moving to Portland, where her husband has taken a job, she's so desperate for work she's in line at the Eugene Hilton filling out a job application for Symantec Corp., a California-based software firm relocating its technical and customer-support operations to Eugene.

Peck is a tangible personality behind an impersonal statistic. Like her, many of the people moving to Oregon are choosing life-style over employment — a fancy way of saying they move here

Defrocked congressman Denny Smith, who wants to be governor, has been stumping the state saying: "There are too many people working for the state of Oregon who are making too much money in relation to the private sector." And yet Smith was strangely silent on this subject in the '70s, when studies showed public salaries well below comparable private ones.

Smith knows the marketplace sets public and private salaries, not the Legislature, labor unions, or the governor. So why this little rhetorical charade? The answer is that conservatives are pitting fearful middle-class private-sector employees against their counterparts in the public sector to divert attention from the embarrassing deterioration of private-sector wages and benefits.

In the '80s, adjustment of some private-sector salaries was arguably necessary to improve the international competitive position of certain companies. But the productivity of American workers has risen dramatically in the last five years, so further efforts to drive down wages and benefits are just excuses to keep more earnings to pay off overpriced executives, consultants, junk-bond debt, and retired stockholders reeling from declining interest rates, instead of the people who do the work.

The conservative politics of envy pits today's wage-earners with children against retired people on fixed incomes, to avoid a debate on raising taxes to pay the bills run up during the '80s, and this generation's obligation to the next.

Henry Ford stunned industrialists by paying \$5 a day at a time when other manufacturers were paying \$2. "Workers must be able to afford my cars," said Ford. The lesson is lost on too many of today's business and political leaders, to whom self-induced recession appears to be more ideologically attractive.

Russell Sadler's *Oregon Outlook* is heard Monday through Friday on JPR's *Morning News* and on the *Jefferson Daily*.

The sky

Richard Moeschl



Starlight reigns

NOT FOR NOTHING do we refer to the coming weeks as the "dead of winter."

Daylight has been rolled back to the absolute minimum, and the sun — as though unable to stand the sight of us anymore — hauls itself reluctantly up above the horizon, only to set a mere eight hours later.

As for night, it returns all too soon, and overstays its welcome by a few hours. Starlight reigns, and Orion stalks the skies, under the gaze of brilliant Gemini. Red Betelgeuse glows from beneath Orion's mighty arm, and Mintaka, the star at the top of Orion's belt, marks the middle of the celestial equator.

At this time of year, the earth is tilted 22.5 degrees from the celestial equator, which causes the sun to appear low above the horizon. And, with each passing day, the sun drops closer to the horizon, till, on Dec. 21, it reaches the lowest point in its descent, and seems to stand still, before heading north again. This is why Dec. 21 is called the winter "solstice," which means "the coming to a stop of the sun."

It's a good thing, too, that the sun comes to a stop when it does, because its extreme behavior in December threatens to upset the balance of nature. If, instead of stopping, the sun kept heading south, soon there'd be no light for plants, the ground would remain barren, and all life would end.

The early Native Americans, keenly aware of the crisis inherent in the winter solstice, believed that humans had to intervene to prevent the universe from plunging into chaos. And so the Zuni and Hopi tribes held elaborate ceremonies every winter designed to encourage the sun to turn north again.

These ceremonies, which involved the planting of prayer sticks in the fields, were always successful, I'm happy to report.

Once the sun got moving north again,

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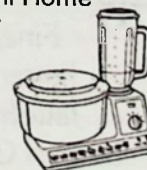
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the Hopi would watch the horizon and note where it rose each morning. When it reached certain landmarks, such as the notches in distant hills, they knew it was safe to plant certain crops — that winter would soon be over, and that longer days and fertile fields would return.

Richard Moeschl hosts the Milky Way Starlight Theater, heard on Jefferson Public Radio's Rhythm and News and News and Information services.

Nature

Frank Lang



What's my line?

OUR MYSTERY guest for today is an odd-looking mammal that resembles a cat-sized rat.

The famous turn-of-the century naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton

described him as a "silly grinning idiot," a description, I think you'll agree, that can fairly be applied to few mammals besides humans.

If you're out on the highways at all, you've probably noticed our mystery guest appearing in increasing numbers as roadkill. He has large naked pink-tipped black ears, long gray fur, and a long round scaly rat-like tail, so he's not a muskrat (brown, with an oval tail), or a nutria (brown, with a round tail).

Need more hints?

In the loop of his prehensile tail, our mystery guest sometimes carries bundles of such nesting materials as dry leaves and sticks.

He also has a forked penis — an anatomical complication that, not surprisingly, has given rise to the rumor that he mates through the nose.

This rumor is, of course, libelous. The only reason our mystery guest has a forked penis is that his female counterpart has a forked vagina (hence the animal's generic name, Didelphis, meaning "two wombs").

About two weeks after the male and female mate, anywhere from one to 14

bean-sized embryos are born. Climbing through the hair on the mother's belly into a pouch in her abdomen, some or all of them attach to nipples, and remain so attached for another two months.

Still stumped? All right, I'll put you out of your misery. This unusual creature is none other than North America's very own native marsupial, the Virginia opossum.

Before the arrival of the Europeans, the opossum ranged only as far west as northern West Virginia and Ohio. Later on — as happened in Umatilla County in the early part of this century — some were deliberately released, or escaped while being kept as pets; and as a result, today the opossum occupies, not only much of eastern North America, but the coastal portions of the far west, from Mexico all the way to British Columbia.

The opossum has been trapped for its fur, which isn't very valuable; and for its meat, which is considered a delicacy by some. If you're among the latter, a word of warning before you cook your next pot of possum stew. As a good omnivore, the opossum will eat almost anything — including garbage, earthworms, poisonous snakes, and carrion. So take pains, when you're cleaning the carcass, not to break or damage the gastrointestinal tract; and wash the carcass carefully, to eliminate the risk of salmonella poisoning. The meat should also be cooked till it's well-done, because the trichina worm — the parasitic worm that causes trichinosis — is found in opossums, as in pigs and other omnivores.

For those of you who might want a slightly different holiday dinner, Horace Kephart, in his book *Camping and Woodcraft*, offers the following recipe.

Parboil an opossum in five gallons of water with two red peppers for an hour, then replace the water and boil for another hour. Finish up by baking the meat, surrounded by sweet potatoes, in a Dutch oven.

Kephart says bourbon whiskey is the traditional accompaniment for this dish. I'd say you'd need a lot of it!

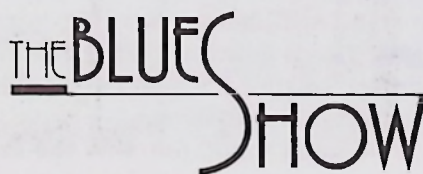
Dr. Frank Lang's *Nature Notes* can be heard Fridays on the *Jefferson Daily* and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's Classics and News Service.

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Freshen your pipes

GARGLED LATELY? If not, break out the Listerine and go to it, so your vocal chords will be in sparkling condition for the sing-along *Messiah* the music department of Southern Oregon State College is sponsoring on Dec. 4. (Call 552-6101 for the mundane details like place and time. And please forgive me, those of you who live in California, for taking it for granted you know the area code for Oregon is 503. It's just that I hate having to look at the keyboard to find the numbers — it spoils my concentration.)

Or, if you'd rather be a viewer than a doer, and prefer ballets to oratorios, you'll have three chances to watch others more acrobatic than yourself go twinkling about in tutus on their toes, when the State Ballet of Oregon brings *The Nutcracker* to Ashland on Dec. 17-19. (Call 535-4112.)

What's that you say? You prefer seasonal drama to seasonal music and dance? Well, then, the Ashland Community Theatre (482-0361) has exactly what the doctor ordered, in the form of several doses of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, on Dec. 9-12 and Dec. 16-19. True, Dickens didn't write any play called *A Christmas Carol* that I ever heard of — but only some kind of Scrooge would want to pick nits at this time of year.

And don't be surprised, by the way, if you find yourself dazzled when you get to Ashland for a theatrical evening by an infinitude of glowing bulbs. The city will be celebrating its first Festival of Lights this holiday season, with no fewer than 800,000 decorating downtown businesses.

Merry Christmas, PP&L!

YES, I HAVE my own suspicions about the New World Order, but, since I like to eat better than I like to goose-step, I take a much more tolerant attitude toward New World Cuisine.

Never heard of NWC, you say?

Well, chef William Pahl, who grew up in the Rogue Valley, and went on to run three four-star restaurants in Key West, Fla., is nationally known among people who wear funny white hats as a master of this style of cooking — and he's coming home to share his knowledge with us poetasters and peasants.

As Pahl describes it, NWC is a saucepan all a-bubble with a multicultural blend of fresh local and ethnic ingredients.

Everything is made from scratch, even the bread, pasta, and pastry, and such a purist is Pahl that he swears he doesn't own so much as a single can opener.

Heaven help me, I'd starve to death in a week without mine.

In the kitchen, Pahl says, you've got to "trust your five senses in order to perfect your creation. Taste every step of the way. Your tastebuds are the true judge. Mother Nature doesn't treat every tomato the same."

Which is a good thing, or she'd risk being mistaken for James Cagney.

In any case, Pahl will soon begin offering three-hour workshops in NWC at the McCully House in Jacksonville. The cost of the workshops is around \$45. If want to get more specific than that, you'll have to call 899-1942.

SPEAKING OF historic Jacksonville, it, too, will be all decked out in lights for the holidays.

The city's annual Victorian Christmas celebration kicks off with a tree-lighting ceremony at 6 p.m. on Dec. 3 at the corner of 3rd and California streets. During the ceremony, old ho-ho-ho himself will arrive by sleigh in all his traditional splendor — no red polyester duds here — and, if you have any Listerine with you, you can sing along with the carolers.

As for art, which we neglect even during the holidays at our peril, you can enjoy your fill of it when the U.S. Hotel Ballroom hosts the annual Winter Art and Wine Festival on Dec. 11-12, from 10 to 5. Admission is free, but I don't know about the wine. If it's free, too, I guess I can manage to get there both days.



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Home of the Vigilantes for Justice

Welcome to
Myrtle Creek,
where rural
values are
making a last,
valiant stand
against the
20th century

BY ROBERT HEILMAN

NOBODY GETS it, and it's hard to explain, but I really get a kick out of Fair Share Bob's Myrtle Creek story.

We were in Veneta for the Oregon Country Fair, Lane County's annual summer counter-culture extravaganza. The Emerald Empire — Eugene and its environs — has a reputation for being Oregon's most liberal, politically correct community, and the Country Fair, even by Eugene standards, is a leftist event.

Anyhow we were in Community Village, a little cul-de-sac of haphazard wooden booths housing dozens of radical activist organizations. The purest of the pure — goddess-worshipping New Age neo-pagans, Earth Firsters, pro-hemp lobbyists, no-nukers, eco-feminists, and organic farmers — gather there every summer to celebrate and preach to the faithful. And here was Bob from Oregon Fair Share, an advocacy group for the poor, all excited about having done door-to-door canvassing in Myrtle Creek, my town.

"It was the weirdest thing," he began. Uh-huh.

"I was a little worried about how they'd react to us anyway, because it's supposed to be such a redneck area . . ."

Among the politically correct, Douglas County is known as the most hopelessly incorrect place in the state.

" . . . but the stats say it's really got some major economic problems . . ."

At that time, a few years ago, they'd have read something like: 14% unemployment, 17% poverty, 19% emergency food usage, 20% illiteracy.

" . . . and so we felt it was important to canvass down there and get the word out about Fair Share. You know, see what's really going on and all."

Uh-huh.

"So we're coming into town, and the first thing I see is that weird sign about

the vigilantes."

Welcome. Our streets patrolled by Myrtle Creek's Vigilantes for Justice.

"And I'm thinking, 'Oh my God! What are we getting into?' So we go over to the city hall, because we have to register under the Green Valley Ordinance before we can go door-to-door, and they're all like, 'Well, okay, you can do it, but be careful — no telling what might happen.' So the first place we go to, there's this pickup in the driveway with a gun-rack and a bumper sticker that says: 'Old F.A.R.T. — Fathers Against Radical Teenagers' — and now I'm really getting paranoid, you know?"

Stephen King. Rod Serling. "Easy Rider." "Deliverance." Rednecks with shotguns and pickups — oh, my!

"And this guy invites us in, and it turns out he's one of the Vigilantes, and we sit and have coffee and everything, and he talks to us for an hour. We couldn't get out of there. They just kept talking and giving us cookies and all. They were so nice. It turns out the Vigilantes are just a bunch of old guys with CBs, a Neighborhood Watch kind of thing.

"Everywhere we went, it was like that. We'd planned to spend only a day in town, but it took us three days, because everyone treated us so well. I

couldn't believe it. Up here in Eugene, they'll slam the door in your face sometimes, but *nobody* was rude down there. They didn't give us any money, but everybody was just so friendly. Nicest bunch of people I ever met."

I laughed when he finished, but not out of derision at him or the town. I felt instead an overwhelming sense of pleasure, the kind of feeling you get when, after years of toying with a complex set of vague notions and contradictory facts, all your half-realized conclusions are suddenly confirmed at once. Just about everything you'd ever learn about Myrtle Creek was contained in his little anecdote. I could have kissed him, but I couldn't stop laughing.

EVERYTHING THEY say about Myrtle Creek is true — sort of. They — our urban neighbors on the Willamette and the Rogue — say it's a backwater, the domain of ignorant, Bible-thumping, "God, guns, and guts" hillbillies.

They — the folks who live here — say it's a friendly, progressive little town, combining the best of old-fashioned community values and modern development — a real nice place to raise your kids.

And they're both right — sort of. Besides, the truth is a little complicated, and not nearly as believable, or as much fun, as the myths.

Take the large wooden sign that greets you as you cross the bridge into town. The Chamber put it up a few years ago, turning a weedy patch of hillside into a landscaped greeting scene. *Welcome to Myrtle Creek, gateway to the one hundred valleys of the Umpqua*, it says. And they've hung a second one underneath it this year: *1893 Centennial 1993*.

Even if we overlook the fact that no one has ever counted just how many valleys there are in the 5,000 mountainous square miles of Douglas County, it's hard to see Myrtle Creek as the gateway to much of anywhere. It's located a good 30 miles north of the Josephine County line, and Interstate 5 bypasses it over on the other side of the river. You have to go out of your way to get into town, and the only two valleys

you have to pass through to get to it are North Myrtle Creek and South Myrtle Creek.

And even the centennial is the subject of some controversy. It seems the state revoked Myrtle Creek's charter for a couple of years back in 1901, because of the town's failure to collect enough taxes to operate. Some people argue that those two years without a charter make the town only 98 years old, while others contend that the reissued charter counts as a new one, and that the current town only goes back to 1903.

As I said, the truth isn't nearly as believable as the myths.

IN MYRTLE Creek, boosterism reaches almost pathological proportions. The town hosts an incredible number of civic events — the Summer Arts Festival, Thursday concerts in Millsite Park, the Highland Celtic Games, an annual Bluegrass Festival, a downtown Halloween party, a Giant Community Yard Sale Weekend, and amateur sports contests ranging from Babe Ruth League state-championship games to wheelchair-basketball fund-raisers.

Flags and banners pop up like mushrooms overnight for just about every imaginable occasion — though the local flag-keepers, the VFW vets, steadfastly refuse to decorate for Martin Luther King's holiday — and this taste for public-spirited display has increased over the past ten years, in tandem with the painful adjustments the town has had to make to a series of economic disasters. The series began with the Reagan recession of the early '80s,

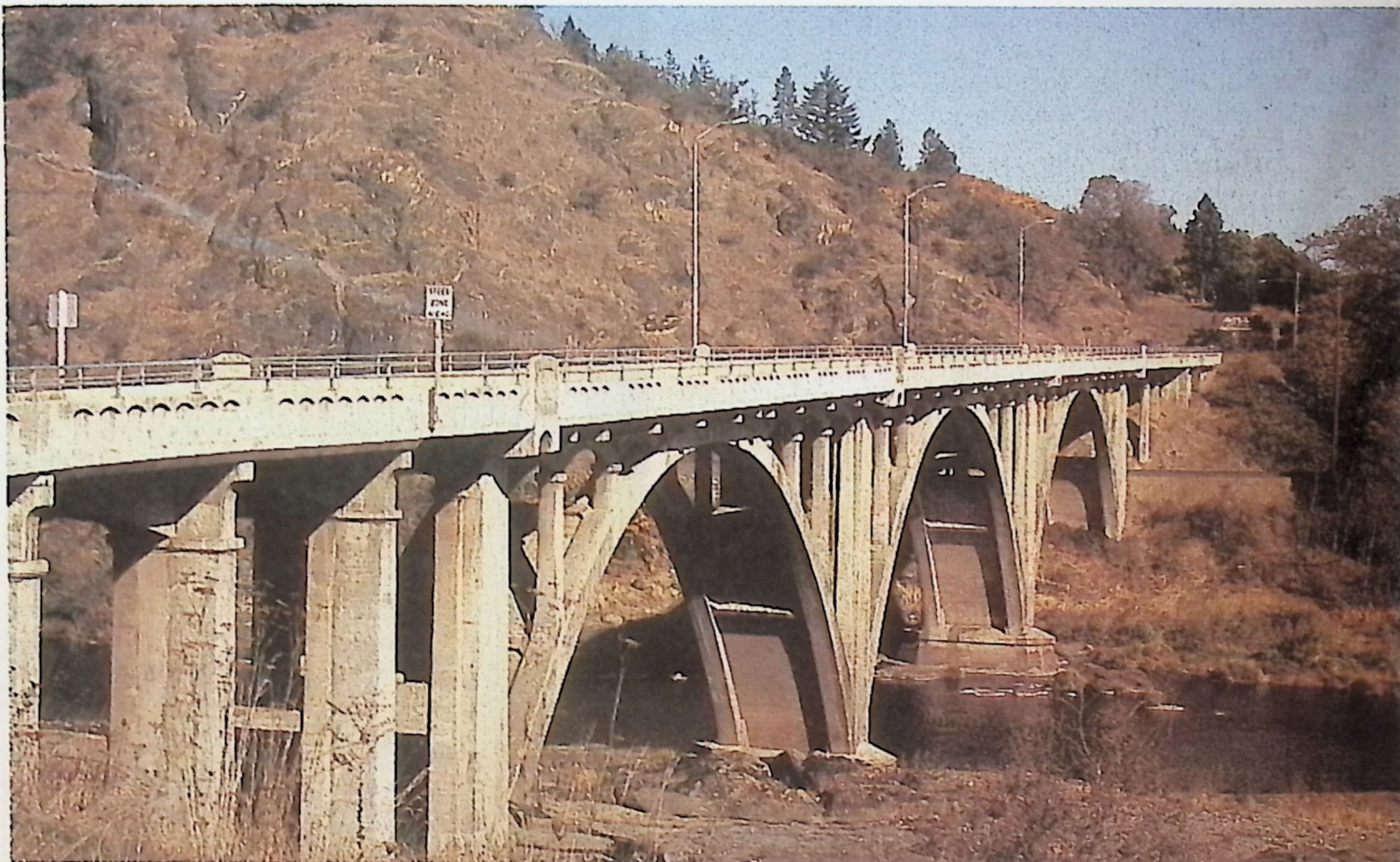


In Myrtle Creek, the Vigilantes for Justice mean business — but they'll give you cookies.

continued with the "lean and mean" Reagan "miracle" recovery — during which the bosses got mean and the workers got lean — and slid further downhill into the Bush era of housing slumps and environmental litigation.

One early casualty of the economy was the annual Wood 'n Nickel Days party, which had been held for more than 20 years. When the town's last mill shut down, and the Hanna Mining Company closed the Nickel Mountain strip mine and smelter in nearby Riddle, the celebration, in a town now lacking both lumber and nickel ore, was rechristened the Summer Arts Festival. Considering the times, maybe it should have been called the Unemployment Check and Government Surplus Cheese Festival, since these had become the mainstays of the local economy.

But towns, after all, can't live by food stamps alone and, since desperate times



The way to Myrtle Creek.

call for desperate measures, a local restaurateur suggested an annual race to help liven things up, and the business community took up the challenge.

Most people don't know this, but, by crossing two pieces of lath, laying the X across a turkey's back, and running fast enough to keep up, you can guide a panic-stricken gobbler more or less in a straight line. (Kids, don't try this at home!) The hugely successful Turkey Grand Prix brought out happy crowds to watch local business leaders, dressed in appropriate costumes, sprint down Main Street behind live fowl.

It was great fun, but after a couple of years some animal-rights activists got upset and threatened to spoil the event with picket signs calling media attention to the "cruel and barbaric ritual." Despite general agreement that anyone who feels sorry for a turkey must never have raised one, the Chamber caved in and switched to pushing frozen turkeys down the street in wheelbarrows and shopping carts.

Political correctness, in a word, had come to Myrtle Creek at last, but it just wasn't the same, and the Turkey Grand

Prix died out for lack of interest.

MILLSITE PARK is another product of the Hard Times. In the late '70s, work began to convert an industrial wasteland

— the site of a mill that had burned down in the '50s — into a city park. Slowly, over a ten-year period, the blackberries were cleared, the rusting hulks of abandoned cars and equipment were hauled off, the millpond bottom was leveled and sown with grass seed, saplings were planted, and softball and baseball diamonds were laid out. A recreational-vehicle park with showers was put in, as was a bandshell, and a condemned covered bridge in Cottage Grove was dismantled, trucked down, and rebuilt to span Myrtle Creek.

The park, a volunteer project that's still under way, is a remarkable achievement for a town of 3,300 residents. So it's true that the old-fashioned barn-raising spirit of neighborliness is alive and well here. Nor is that so surprising, since the

people aren't too far removed — only a generation or so — from rural self-sufficiency.

City dwellers tend to forget that the word "neighbor" (from the Old English *neahgebur*, meaning "near farmer") is a rural word for a rural concept. "Civilization," on the other hand, comes from the Latin *cives*, meaning "city."

The two ideals aren't really related. A place can be, and often is, neighborly without being terribly civilized, and the reverse holds true, too. In fact, civility and neighborliness just might be notions as incompatible as urbanity and boorishness.

And that, in a nutshell, seems to be the source of the confusion about Myrtle Creek, both where its image outside the area and its image of itself are concerned. Like other small rural towns all across the American west, Myrtle Creek is being carried headlong into the 21st century, and making the painful transition from neighborliness to civility.

For 200 years now, country folk all over the world, under the relentless

pressure of industrialization, have been pried from the self-sufficiency of the land into the wage dependency of the cities. Cut off, literally, from their roots, within a generation or two they're forced to exchange rural values based on cooperation and common needs for the market ideal of narrow competitive goals. And there, as they say, goes the neighborhood.

IN MYRTLE CREEK, the city-limits sign lists the population at 3,333. The town's size exploded in the '70s, and then declined slightly in the '80s, but the sign is deceptive, because Tri City, an unincorporated area just to the south, grew from about 300 residents in 1970 to 3,500 by 1990 and, in 1991, the city of Myrtle Creek extended its urban-growth boundary southwards, to the alarm of Tri City residents, who pay no city taxes.

Tri City takes its name from the nearby towns of Myrtle Creek, Riddle, and Canyonville, and is actually larger now than any of the three. Indeed, development along Old Highway 99 has just about linked Riddle and Myrtle Creek into one ten-mile-long continuous urban area.

A strip of prime bottomland less than half a mile wide along the floodplain of the South Umpqua River provides the only green space separating the two towns. Once that land is paved, Riddle, Tri City, and Myrtle Creek will form a strip of some 8,500 residents. A 90-acre industrial park, to be built in the floodplain, has already been approved.

THE ANCIENT BOND of the neighborhood, already virtually extinct in American cities, lives on in Myrtle Creek, at least for now. But here, too, it's starting to show wear and tear under the strains of civilization. The hard times of the '80s gave us both the renewed cooperative spirit that built a beautiful park and a new generalized

atmosphere of betrayal, distrust, and fear.

Whenever there's private fear and desperation, there's always someone ready to focus it outward on a wider, less personal, insoluble problem. After all, it's easier to worry about "family values" than about what'll happen to your family if you can't make the next mortgage payment. And once people get in the habit, it's a cinch to carry them along from one fear to the next.

Law and order, predictably, was the first bugbear to raise its head. The Vigilantes for Justice came out of the get-tough-on-crime and war-on-drugs years. Then yellow-ribbon fever struck, and the town erupted with anti-environmental posters, spotted-owl cookbooks, "Loggers are Endangered Species" hats, "Save a Logger — Eat an Owl" bumper stickers and, of course, yet another sign at the edge of town, this one proclaiming Myrtle Creek a "Yellow Ribbon City" where "We Support the Timber Industry."

The Gulf War frenzy came and went about as swiftly as the war itself, leaving behind, down by the creek, across Main Street from the Dairy Queen, a sign of its own pledging support for our troops.

Support has become an important thing around Myrtle Creek.

The town supported local gadfly Herschel Taylor's two unsuccessful petitions to recall Gov. Barbara Roberts. The 2% single-tax movement also has a lot of local support. A small loose group calling themselves the "Patriots" or the "Freemen" support the U.S. Constitution by refusing to pay taxes or buy driver's licenses and learning the paralegal trade so they can argue in traffic court about the illegality of the Federal Reserve System, social security, the income tax, and the International Monetary Fund. And family values are supported by the pro-life, yes-on-9 OCA crowd.

During the past five years, support has come to mean opposition as well and, with the cornucopia of targets, a

siege mentality has set in, and increasingly complex conspiracy theories go the rounds as the issues all become somehow intertwined. It seems everybody here is actively opposed to something. Actually, though, what it amounts to is a sizable minority that's opposed to just about everything from Earth First to the school board.

DESPITE THE hard knocks of the past 13 years, and the changing nature of life in this valley, apathy, at least, isn't much of a problem.

Myrtle Creek is still a small-enough town to provide its inhabitants with a sense of responsibility for their own fate. This is a rare attitude nowadays, one that survives only in backwaters, like a flower pushed to the brink of extinction by the destruction of its natural habitat. And that's a shame, because it's the essential ingredient of the type of democracy Thomas Jefferson saw as the great hope for America.

*Cut off from
their rural
roots, they
have to
exchange
cooperation
for
competition.
And there
goes the
neighborhood*

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Raku, anyone?

*This lively art is guaranteed
not to make your eyes glaze over*

THEY CALL ME the king of crust. No, I'm not an old curmudgeon, and I don't own a bakery. I got the name from my partiality to a dull copper glaze called "crusty rusty" while I was learning how to make raku pottery some years ago at Humboldt State University in northern California.

I remember I'd just finished using the glaze on a large platter when my professor delighted me by saying the platter looked hundreds of years old, "as if it had just been dug out of the earth."

It was this professor who gave me my nickname, and my abiding love of raku.

In Japanese, *raku* means "enjoyment, happiness, ease, and comfort," and I can assure you I've experienced all of these and more since I first began doing raku, back in high school. I got my start at a community art center in Los Angeles, then refined the simple methods I was taught there through eight years of college, watching others at work and learning from them all the while.

Among students, the firing of pots is a particularly festive and exciting occasion, and I formed strong bonds with my comrades as we labored late into the night, fascinated by the multi-colored flames emanating from the

kilns.

In raku, a pot with a raku glaze is fired rapidly in a kiln, then removed with tongs while red-hot, and quickly cooled by submersion in a combustible material such as sawdust or shredded paper. This submersion — called post-

fire reduction — deprives the atmosphere around the pot of oxygen, and lends the pottery much of its aesthetic appeal.

There are as many different methods of post-fire reduction as there are potters making raku. Not only does each have his own bag of tricks, but each glaze requires different techniques. Moreover, a single glaze will produce different results, so that no two pots are ever the same. It's this variation in results that attracts so many potters to raku.

Raku pottery usually has either a crackle or a metallic look.

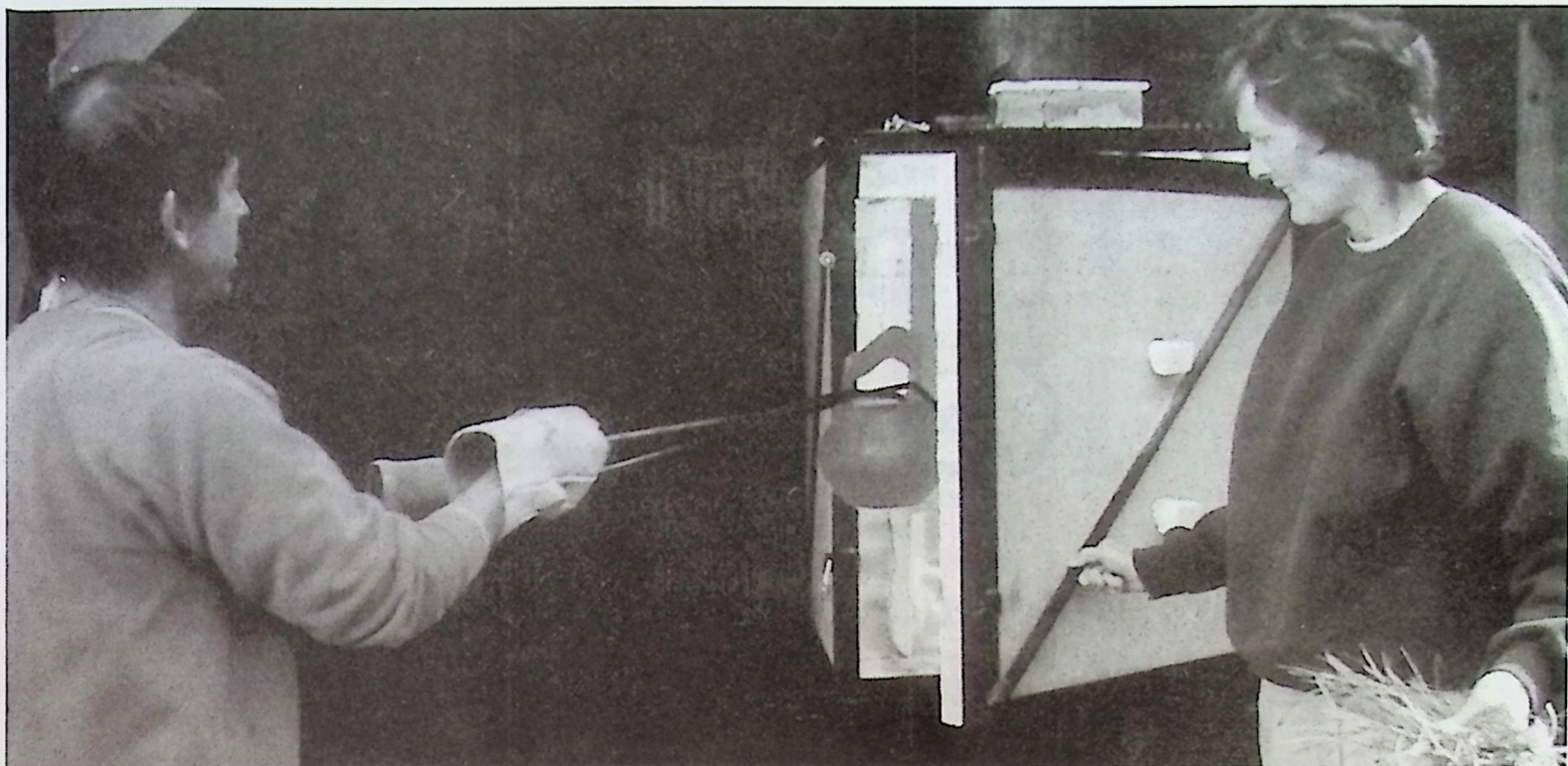
Thanks to the carbon generated during post-fire reduction, the network of cracks produced by crackle glazes fills with black that contrasts with the color of the glaze.

Metallic glazes yield shades of green, blue, and red, and are either shiny or mat in appearance. Mat glazes sometimes produce a variety of rough textures as well.

The first raku pots were tea bowls made in Japan in the late 16th century. Formed by hand and somewhat



Gorge shape with raku glazes, by Warren Strauss of Ashland.



Warren Strauss and his wife, Shiela, removing a red-hot pot from a raku kiln for post-fire reduction.

asymmetrical, they were especially prized by Zen Buddhist tea masters, who enjoyed their uniqueness and simple beauty. The bowls were also highly functional, because raku is porous and such a poor conductor of heat that newly boiled tea is easy to handle.

The West was first introduced to raku by Bernard Leach, a painter who studied the process in Japan in 1911 and later wrote about it in a volume called *The Potter's Book*. Other potters who read Leach or visited Japan carried on his experiments, but the Japanese have traditionally cooled their pots in the air, and raku didn't gain widespread acceptance in the impatient West till 1960, when Paul Soldner tried cooling his pots by burying them in dry leaves, and thus invented post-fire reduction. Hal Riegger and Jean Griffith, working with few guidelines, are credited with the early development of Soldner's new technique.

Warren Strauss is an Ashland artist who's been producing raku for six years. Originally a ceramic sculptor, Strauss turned to raku because the quickness of the process allows him to see the results of his glaze-work in time to make adjustments. He also likes the diversity of results from a single glaze, and the fact that two pots with the same

glaze can have a different look, depending on the type of post-fire reduction employed. Indeed, one type of glazing mixture Strauss uses yields different results the older it gets.

Strauss enjoys decorating his pottery with images of whales and fish, and currently he's experimenting with what he calls gorge-shaped vessels — wide-bottomed pots that narrow toward the opening, with rims cut to provide flowing natural lines. Other lines on the pot imitate those of the rim, and set up contrasting areas of glaze and raw black clay. Strauss tops some of his gorge shapes with clay handles.

DIANA MUHS, another local artist, came to raku in a roundabout way. Her husband, Jim, whom she met in the early '60s, had an MFA in drawing and painting from the Otis Institute, and was actively exploring new free-form approaches to art, as were clay artists Paul Soldner, John Mason, and Peter Volkus. Muhs, though not then an artist herself, was exposed to all these influences, and first tried raku at Southern Oregon State College in 1987, when she was greatly taken, in Jim Romberg's ceramics class, with Romberg's sculptural and wheel-

thrown forms with raku glazes.

Today, Muhs, who received her MFA earlier this year from SOSOC, makes tall abstract constructions that are beaten, stomped, and textured. Often four feet high, and completely non-functional, her sculptures start narrow at the bottom and fan out into carved walls. Abstract areas of glaze create new lines, and contrast with areas of unglazed clay.

Muhs says that, with each sculpture, she feels an intense, almost parental engagement as she develops it through stages she calls infancy, adolescence, and adulthood. This close involvement is further evidenced by her practice of firing only one sculpture at a time in her kiln.

The clay Muhs uses is very gritty and strong. She enjoys its substantial feeling and its tolerance of pounding, pressing, and carving. The clay needs to be strong, too, to withstand the shock of rapid firing and cooling.

There are many other raku potters in our region, and several galleries where raku is regularly displayed. Both Strauss and Muhs will have work on display at the south end of the Medford Center on Biddle Road, at the annual Clayfolk Christmas show on Dec. 2 from 6 to 9 p.m., Dec. 3-4 from 10 to 7, and Dec. 5 from 12 to 4.

In darkest Kentucky

*On a solo bike trip across the U.S.,
a Medford attorney rediscovers in the
Bluegrass state the consolations of the freeway*

About ten years after you learned how to drive, you stopped liking freeways.

Oh, they were fine when you were 16, but, as you matured, the eternal succession of green signs — Next Exit 3 Miles . . . Right Lane Exit Only — became as tedious as the well-marked exits, with their inevitable fast-food franchises, service stations, and chain motels. Indeed, the longer you drove on freeways, the more the view of Medford from I-5 began to resemble the view of Hays, Kan., from I-70 and, to counteract this creeping homogeneity, with increasing frequency you found yourself driving from Medford to Eugene on old Highway 99, and minimizing your use of freeways on other trips.

Still, maybe you can take this freeway-avoidance thing too far. . . .

IMAGINE YOURSELF riding a bicycle on a narrow road carved out of a mountain, so that one side is a vertical wall of sedimentary rock. Among the evidences of civilization scrunched up against this road, nowhere will you find a McDonald's or a motel. To be sure, there are gas stations here and there — but not the bright-colored chrome-and-plastic structures of the freeways. These are run-down affairs with junk-car parts

piled all around them, and not a few are abandoned, for you're in eastern Kentucky and, more specifically, in Pike County, inspiration for the bluegrass banjo tune "Pike County Breakdown."

From the porch of an abandoned store where you stop to rest, you look up at the mountains. They're not very tall, but they feel close in. The ambience seems to you medieval. And you have an idea someone might be living in the back of the store.

On you go, through towns with names like Ashcamp, Virgie, Melvin, and Dwarf — towns you might not even notice but for the presence in each of a U.S. post office housed in a mobile home, with its upper half painted a faded red and its lower half a faded blue.

Pedaling along, you pass a house whose front porch is almost on the shoulder of the road, but the old man sitting on the porch doesn't respond to your friendly wave. Maybe he doesn't like your orange-and-black-striped Lycra riding shorts. Would he change his mind if you told him your purchase of them has helped create jobs at the DuPont factory in Waynesboro, Va., just 200 miles to the east? Probably not. For him, 200 miles might as well be halfway

around the world.

Besides, there isn't time to explain anything to this man with his blank stare, because you suddenly find yourself being chased by one of the meanest-looking dogs you've ever seen. The dog isn't barking, he's simply running after you making crude antipersonnel sounds and, though you try to go faster, you're going uphill, laden with 60 pounds of gear. Too late to do you any good, you remember the "dog-dazer" the middle-aged cyclists you camped next to the night before told you about. How nice it would be now to have one of these soundless electronic devices that keep Fido away by hurting his ears. You also can't help wondering why this particular dog has chosen you as the object of his displeasure — you, with your well-lubricated bicycle that glides silently along the road, disturbing no one. Why doesn't he find himself a nice coal truck to go after? Now, there's something for a public-spirited mutt to get upset about! Coal trucks shake the ground as they pass. They leave huge plumes of black exhaust in the air. You're sure that, if you were a dog, you'd be irreconcilably hostile to coal trucks, but never to a noiseless slow-moving bike

with flashing spokes.

Which philosophical reflections are all well and good, but you've got to deal with this dog right away. He's getting closer every second, and showing no signs of stopping, so you remove your right foot from the pedal straps, and launch a hard kick smack into his teeth. Though he shows no signs of pain, you're sure you must have hurt him, because he gives up the pursuit. But the kick has caused you to swerve, and you have to fight to regain your balance.

All at once, you recall the chief of the volunteer fire department in Meadowview, Va., telling you how people in Kentucky like to sic dogs on bike riders. Can the old man on the porch have sicced this dog on you? You doubt it, because he doesn't appear to have moved throughout the entire episode. And anyhow the Meadowview fire chief, though he was in France during World War II, has never been to Kentucky. He's driven fire trucks all over Washington County, but not once traveled the 60 miles to the Kentucky border. And yet he wasn't prevented by this lack of firsthand experience from assuring you that snakes lie along the edge of the road in Kentucky and rise up to strike passing cyclists. Still, you don't want to be too hard on him. He was nice to you, after all, and let you sleep in the fire hall, and shower in the stall the firemen built to wash off hazardous chemicals, and even cook some rice in the kitchenette next to the hose tower.

Abruptly, your thoughts are interrupted by the approach of a coal truck from the rear. Pulling as far off the road as you can, you carefully thread your way among the lumps of coal scattered along its edge, for fear of damaging your tires or being knocked off balance. Indeed, considering the size of the coal trucks in eastern Kentucky, you can't help wondering why they didn't make the roads a little wider. But then you realize the steep terrain has forced the engineers to fight for every inch of costly width.

Somewhere between Virgie and Melvin, you see what surely must be part of a mine — a conveyor belt carrying lumps of coal out of the side of a mountain, with men standing around watching the lumps fall into a truck. Farther up the road, a guy in a

convenience store tells you employment in the mines has been steadily declining over the years, and that the government and the mines are about the only employers in eastern Kentucky. You ask about Harlan County, notorious in years past for coal-mine violence, and learn that it's just to the south. Alas, your route won't take you through it, but you feel sure that, in Pike County, you've encountered its functional equivalent.

YOU'VE ENTERED Kentucky on a Monday, eight days before a statewide primary election, and campaign signs are everywhere, though only for county offices: coroner, jailer, magistrate, judge commissioner, judge executive, district attorney, and sheriff. Hordes of Republicans and Democrats are seeking the nomination for each of these offices, and so great is their number that it's hard to keep the candidates straight — not least because you seem to enter a new county about every 25 miles. (You'll eventually spend eight days in Kentucky, and go through

25 counties). The candidates' names are painted on rocks in fluorescent paint, and displayed on posters pasted all over junker cars that constantly drive by, belching smoke. Even the sheriff, himself a candidate, is in on the act. Though he's too modest to carry his own campaign signs, he carries signs for the jailer and the magistrate affixed to the side and rear windows of his car. You shake your head at this abuse of office, knowing it could never happen in Oregon. But your inquiries succeed only in eliciting the explanation that it's "the sheriff's car, and he can do what he wants with it."

In Knott County, Kidd Fulgate, a Democratic candidate for jailer who has his picture on his posters, reminds you of Quasimodo. Other candidates have names like Jimmy "Worm" Sugg and Eben "Pee Wee" Justy. You also make the interesting discovery that all the offices up for election — even those like jailer and coroner that involve no policy-making responsibilities — pay the same, about \$30,000 a year. "Damn good pay for these parts," people say, leading you to wonder what manner of



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spoils the victor will eventually distribute.

After riding for three hours or so, you stop in Dorton, and buy a Little Debbie snack bar (puffed rice covered with chocolate) for 25 cents. In Virginia, this same bar cost 27 cents — "two cents more for the governor," as the store clerks invariably pointed out — so, trying to be friendly, you remark to the clerk in Dorton that Kentucky must not have a sales tax.

"No, we got one," he says, "but it don't apply to health food."

Just behind him is a life-size poster promoting the Kentucky lottery. The muscular fellow in the poster, about 25 years old, is bare-chested, wears a miner's cap — the kind with a light — and has a pickax slung over one shoulder and a fistful of dollars and lottery tickets in his opposite hand. The comehither look in his bright-blue eyes would have been the envy of Mae West. You *know* this guy has never set foot in Pike County, much less in a coal mine.

In Floyd County, you see some 15 cars parked along the edge of the road,

and realize you're passing a repair shop. The terrain doesn't afford the mechanic enough space on his property, so he's strung the cars he's working on out along the road, for 60 yards or so. Just as you pass the last of them, you hear gunshots, and perceive, off to your left, seated on a bench in front of a crumbling mobile home about ten feet from the edge of the road, a man shooting directly across the road up into the trees. Not wishing to place yourself in his line of fire, you prudently pull over and stop beside him.

"Buddy," he explains, "we've been invaded by birds."

When you stupidly ask what kind, he ignores you, and goes on taking potshots till a woman sticks her head out of the mobile home, more curious about your presence than the gunfire. At sight of her, the man lowers his weapon, and you take advantage of the lull in hostilities to resume your travels.

Your itinerary calls for you to take county road 1091 to Dema and, though what appears to be this road isn't

marked, it's the only available candidate, so you start down it — only to find it so steep in parts that you have to traverse it (switchback time). After a mile or so, you come upon a parked car with a woman sitting in it, and she confirms you're on the road to Dema. You ask her if she's stuck or needs help, but she says, no, she's just waiting for her husband, who's up the road picking "poke." When you ask what poke is, she explains it's a "weed that's pretty good to eat." Shortly after leaving her, you come across a fat, sweating individual in a green T-shirt who's carrying an armload of some broad-leafed vegetable matter. This, he tells you, is poke, and his wife, his mother, and he all "take" it.

YOU HAVEN'T seen a bar or a liquor store yet in Kentucky, but from the moment you crossed the state line and entered the Clinch Mountains — the range that inspired Ralph Stanley to call his bluegrass band the Clinch Mountain Boys — beer cans have been everywhere in evidence, strewn along all the roads, sometimes in piles over a foot high, along with pop cans, Dorito bags, and similar indestructible items. (Did you know a discarded beer can will last forever, whereas a \$15,000 car, even when properly cared for, can rust out in four or five years?) You're considering calling the governor and suggesting that Kentucky pass a bottle bill like Oregon's, when you're relieved to learn the state has an "Adopt a Highway" program.

Generally, where such programs exist, groups like the Rotary Club agree to pick up trash along a given section of highway, and the state, out of appreciation, puts up at either end of the adopted section a sign bearing the club's name and the approximate distance from one sign to the other. In Virginia, you were happy to see these signs, because they always meant you were within at most four miles of a town. But, in Kentucky, where public officials seem to be the only people interested in adopting highways, not only are the signs no indicator of the proximity of civilization, but they're fanatically precise in their measurement of distances. The winner in this regard is a sign in Stillwell County that says: "Adopt a Highway — Coroner's Office



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— Next 1.082 miles." By using three decimal places, the coroner has reduced the margin of error down to five feet, three inches. Maybe he was anxious to get as close as possible to some big pile of trash, without actually including it in his area of responsibility.

As you cycle on through the counties of eastern Kentucky, you notice that all the county seats have what you're starting to think of as Carnegie courthouses. That is, these courthouses all look like slightly larger versions of Carnegie libraries, with clocks under the gables at the front of their roofs. These courthouses are also usually the best-looking buildings in town, and it's funny how a little change can make a big difference in them. One you pass, for example, has a digital read-out instead of a clock and, for the first time, you find yourself wishing you'd brought a camera with you.

You're certain the town of Hazard in Perry County must have served as the inspiration for the lovable TV show "The Dukes of Hazard," but it turns out *that* Hazard is in Alabama. Leaving its Kentucky cousin behind, you get on State Route 28 — another steep and hot climb — and continue on to Chavies, where you stop outside a convenience store to rest. As you're lingering there, the woman who works in the store comes out and tells you she passed you on the road to Dema the day before. You enjoy listening to her talk, so you follow her inside for an ice-cream cone, then remember you don't have your money on you. As you start back to get your wallet, she cautions you never to leave your bike out of your sight, and definitely not with your money on it. The people between Chavies and Buckhorn, she says, will rob you blind if you give them half a chance. One subject leads to another, and she also tells you rural Kentuckians don't believe in selling land — that, once they have it, they hold onto it for their posterity.

"Land isn't a commodity," she explains, before proceeding, with pride, to show you a picture of *her* posterity, a son who's just finished his first year at Eastern Kentucky University. You know about EKU because you've been listening to NPR's "Morning Edition" over the radio station on its campus. It occurs to you, too, that Bob Edwards,

the host of "Morning Edition," is from Kentucky, so you realize the state must have some good qualities after all.

In parting, the lady from the store provides you with the interesting information that a lot of folks from thereabouts have moved to Oregon, and that just about anyone named Brown in Oregon is sure to be originally from Chavies.

AS YOU continue on your way towards Buckhorn, you see signs for a campground and a park and, failing to realize the two are separate entities, you're pleasantly surprised when the turnoff for the park comes about ten miles sooner than you expect. Unfortunately, the road to the park proves a disaster — five miles of steep up-and-down stretches — and when you finally get there, the park turns out to be a "luxury resort" run by the state, with no camping allowed.

Since it's raining, and you're tired, you decide to stay overnight at the resort, whose rooms, at \$50, aren't all

that expensive. But the manager counters with the startling news that there aren't any vacancies. In a voice cracking with incredulity, you point out that it's a Tuesday evening in mid-May, two full weeks before Memorial Day, so how can they possibly be full? But he explains the whole place has been booked for a big government conference due to start in the morning.

You look back out at the rain and the gathering dusk, and the thought of the five difficult miles you'll have to travel just to get back to the main road leads you to flirt with the idea of declaring that here you are and here you'll stay, let them do what they like about it. But that's not your style, and so you start back for the main highway in an intensifying downpour.

About a mile from the junction, you meet six State of Kentucky vans carrying official conferees to the resort. And your style be damned, you give them the finger, and rail mentally against the obscenity of a luxury resort in the midst of such poverty — conveniently overlooking the fact that, not 40 minutes



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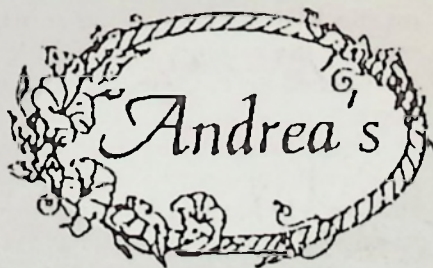
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No sooner are you back on the main highway, with a good ten miles still between you and the campground, than it starts to get dark. A wary look around discovers the presence of all kinds of mobile homes and other low-slung dwellings, with groups of people hanging about, even though this is a rural area and then some. The houses are so close to the road you can't tell whether the people have come out to take the air on their doorsteps or on the pavement. There are also fires burning all along the road, and the trash piles are now three feet high — bigger than any you've seen to date.

After a while, you stop at an old gas station to ask the distance to Buckhorn. The store attached to the station is sparsely stocked, with as many bare shelves as in a Third World country, and a gaunt old couple are sitting in the back, huddled around a kerosene stove, though it's not *that* cold. In response to your question, the man politely informs you that it's seven miles to Buckhorn — farther than you thought. He adds that the route is mostly uphill, except for the last two miles. Brooding on this piece of news, you get back on the road — only to have a beer bottle thrown at you from a passing car. The bottle whizzes by so close you have to duck, and this shakes you up, though you're sure it was nothing personal — just some kids bored to death. Still, you wonder if you could sue the luxury resort, subpoena its records for the evening, and prove, not only that it wasn't completely full, but that out of prejudice against cyclists it violated its obligation as a common carrier to accept all comers. Reasonably certain, however, that a local jury wouldn't award much in the way of damages, you give up on the idea and vow to get your revenge instead by not recommending the area as a vacation spot to friends. But, just as you're relishing this spiteful prospect, someone waves at you from a mobile home perched up the side of the road almost over your head, at an incredible angle. It's a man in his 50s, with a beer in his hand.

"Only 200 yards to go," he says. "Then it's downhill all the way."

Those are the nicest words you've heard all day.

When you finally get to Buckhorn, you're so worn out that, though the park at the foot of the dam on the edge of town is the standard Army Corps of Engineers package, it looks like heaven compared with the surrounding community. The hosts at the campground spoil your night's rest, though, by telling you the local people resent the dam, because it's taken away a lot of land they didn't want to sell ("land isn't a commodity"). In your weakened psychological condition, this ominous information leaves you lying awake in your tent anticipating an assault by a hoard of locals with submachine guns.

IT RAINS all night and, in the dreary morning, you take State Route 28 up to Booneville, catching glimpses as you toil up more steep grades of dingy gray clothes hanging on lines behind shacks, and guys working in little human-powered sawmills.

Booneville is only 18 miles from Buckhorn, but you still feel tired from the day before, so you stop there and look for a place to dry your clothes. Alas, the only building in the run-down town that has a Laundromat sign turns out, when you go inside, to house a lawyer's office. The receptionist, who tells you the nearest Laundromat is 11 miles away, in Beattyville, explains that people were in the habit of trashing the Laundromat that used to be in the building, so the owner rented it out to her boss.

There's a restaurant next door, and you go in for something to eat. The food is okay, but the soft spongy floor of the bathroom and the sign in it requesting that paper not be deposited in the toilet do nothing to whet your appetite. During lunch, you make the acquaintance of the lawyer from next door, who tells you he spent eight years on the Kentucky supreme court, was once in the oil-and-gas business, and has opened his current office because he needs some cash flow. He also confides that he's going out to see a client after lunch who doesn't have a phone, and that he's planning to get this client some SSI, so the client will have enough money to pay him for a drug-charge defense. That's when you learn the country between Chavies and Buckhorn is a major marijuana-growing area — a

piece of news that immediately makes you think of the sign back at the state line that welcomed you to "the Bluegrass state." On it, the word "blue" had been spray-painted over.

Your new lawyer acquaintance, who looks like the Walter Matthau character in *The Fortune Cookie*, says marijuana is probably the biggest cash crop in Kentucky. He also says the sheriff and his deputies never go off the road in the area you passed through the day before unless they have a battalion of officers with them and all their evidence scoped out in advance. While the lawyer is talking, through the front window of the restaurant you see a young man drive by in a car without a muffler. The young man waves at the lawyer, who nods and returns the wave, then abruptly terminates his conversation with you, explaining as he gets up to join some fellows in muddy boots and battered hats at another table that being seen with a stranger could cut into his practice by exciting suspicion that he's acting as an informant.

Proceeding on to Beattyville, you stop to wash your clothes, then get back on your bike. A little past town, the terrain becomes more rolling, and you encounter stretches where neither side of the road is bounded by a sheer wall of rock. After a while, too, you start to see horses in pastures surrounded by white board fences.

The next day, you come to Irvine, which looks like a railroad town, and reminds you of Dunsmuir, Calif. And after that you're in Richmond — amazed to be in a real city, with a red-brick bank and a downtown with department stores.

It's noon, and well-dressed folks are leaving their offices for lunch. You continue on through the downtown area looking for the road that will take you to Lancaster — and suddenly find yourself on a bridge crossing Interstate 75. Visible in the distance is a standard green sign saying: "Richmond Next Exit," and to the left at the top of the exit ramp are a McDonald's, several gas stations, and a Best Western motel. So there you are back in freeway land again, with the traffic below making more noise than you've heard for some time. It all looks so familiar, so sterile, and — for a few minutes anyhow — so comforting.

Local vintners say it wouldn't take much
to turn southern Oregon into . . .

The new Napa Valley

THERE ARE the wines of France, and the wines of Spain — and then there are the wines of the Rogue Valley. Wipe that smirk

off your face. By the latter, I'm not referring to the pints of Thunderbird on sale at the Quiki Mart. If that's what you think, you're probably too busy guzzling the stuff to be aware that, in recent years, elegant vintages produced and bottled locally have been winning prizes at international competitions.

Wine, as is well known, can be addictive, but so can wine-making — just ask Donna Devine. Thirteen years ago, while working as a reporter for the *Grants Pass Daily Courier*, Devine was sent to Cave Junction to write a story about Siskiyou Vineyards. I don't know if she won a Pulitzer prize for the story, but she was so intoxicated by writing it that she ended up chucking journalism to become — the winemaker at Siskiyou Vineyards!

Devine is typical of the handful of dedicated souls whose belief in the valley's viticultural potential has produced what's today a rapidly growing, \$2.5-million-a-year industry boasting six wineries and 50 vineyards on 600 acres. Indeed, Bill Knowles, who opened the Ashland

Winery in 1988 and has seen his company grow by a remarkable 27% a year, believes the future of local wine-making is so bright that southern

Oregon could eventually outshine the Napa Valley.

Porter Lombard, professor emeritus of horticulture at Oregon State University,

who played an important part in the growth of the state's wine industry through his work at OSU's experimental grape station, agrees with Knowles.

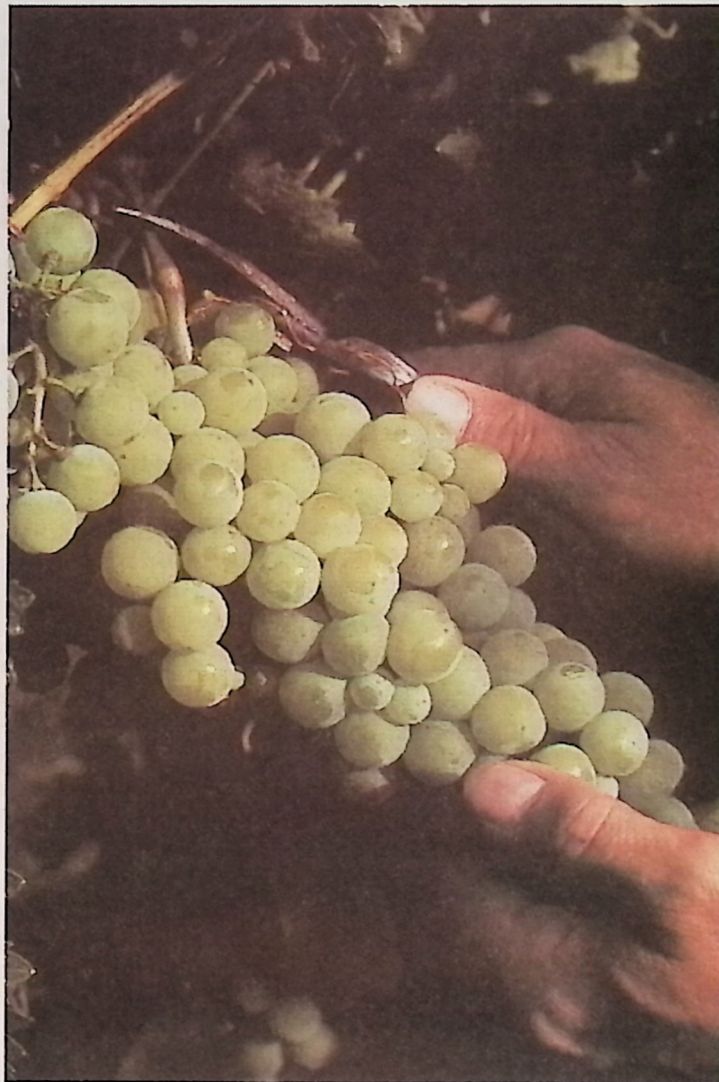
"I think some of our wines have been very good," Lombard says. "They're better balanced than those coming out of the Napa Valley."

"I'd hate to see a Napa Valley thing happen here, though," Knowles admits, "because I think you lose the personal touch when you get too big. Right now, we take visitors out in the winery, and they actually deal with the winemaker, not some salesman. We hear it all the time in the tasting room that this is the way the Napa Valley used to be."

At Knowles' winery, operations remain old-fashioned to the point where pitchforks still load the grapes into the crusher, and hands still press corks into bottles.

Now if they could only get Sophia Loren to come and trample on the grapes. . . .

As for those who grow the fruit, some do it on the side to make a little extra money, and others, like John Ousterhout,



Gewurztraminer grapes being harvested at Foris Vineyards in Cave Junction.

Photo by Richard Gross

have been tending vineyards full-time for years.

Ousterhout's major complaint is that he has to ship much of his fruit out of the valley, because there aren't enough local wineries to take it all.

"What we need is a fairly large winery here that will help absorb some of the surplus grapes," he says.

Like Knowles, Ousterhout points out that, because of its slightly warmer climate, southern Oregon can produce grapes that can't be grown in the state's

major wine-producing area, the Willamette Valley.

"Maybe in five or ten years, we'll find a variety we can grow better here than anywhere else," he says wistfully.

As Ousterhout sees it, the large-scale agricultural possibilities of the valley are pretty limited "once you get past pears," so that grapes are an ideal crop.

"Grapes can be done with fair efficiency on small acreage, and they can be grown in a lot of our borderline soil types. They have a very good potential."

If you want to know about the history of the local wine industry, the man to talk to is Mark Wisnovsky, whose family started Valley View Vineyards in Jacksonville in 1971.

"We were the first winery in the valley," he says proudly, "and we're only finally figuring out now what's right for us. We're getting a good identity with merlot and cabernet."

Merlot and cabernet sauvignon, it says in my dictionary, are both dry red wines made from widely cultivated varieties of grapes. But, when Wisnovsky boasts that his was the first winery in the valley, what he means is that it was the first in recent decades, for, as he's very much aware, the valley's connection with wine-making goes back to pioneer days and, in particular, to Peter Britt, the celebrated 19th-century photographer on whose former property in Jacksonville the Britt Festival is held every summer.

"Peter Britt had the first winery in the northwest," Wisnovsky says. "And that winery, too, was called Valley View."

"In those days — from the 1850s to about 1920 — this was a pretty major wine-making region. Back then, there

were about the same number of wineries as there are now, and they produced about the same amount of wine, and shipped it to Portland and San Francisco."

What put a sudden end to the burgeoning industry wasn't, as in the case of the dinosaurs, an asteroid, but a highly unsociable piece of legislation known as Prohibition.

"None of the wineries in Oregon survived Prohibition," Wisnovsky says. "Things were different in California, though. In California, they not only survived, they actually got bigger, because they were able to ship a lot of concentrate back to the east coast."

Needless to say, people on the east coast didn't turn the concentrate into grape juice. They made it illegally into wine by fermenting it.

"It wasn't till 1970, when we moved here, that wine-making got going again. And we deliberately took the name Valley View because we thought it'd be neat to tie into that bit of history."

TED GERBER of Foris Vineyards in Cave Junction agrees with his fellow vintners that the valley badly needs more winery capacity — and not just to handle the amount of grapes being planted.

"The only way you can get attention for the area's wines is to have several wineries that garner national press," Gerber says. "The Rogue Valley has to become synonymous with quality, like Napa or Sonoma."

"Look at the pear industry over in Medford. It's known for quality, not tonnage — and we can do the same with wine, particularly since we have the advantage of the government's having approved the name 'Rogue Valley' for use on wine bottles."

City types who've had occasion to notice from their car windows the sun-parched, rock-strewn foothills that make up much of the local landscape may think it odd that such acreage could be rich in agricultural possibilities, but, according to Gerber, this is perfect country for grapes.

"Rocky shallow soil makes much better grapes than rich deep fertile soil," he says. "All you have to do is dynamite the rocks out of the way, and get the roots struggling into the soil. It's

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the struggle that makes good grapes. True, you don't get large volumes from such soil, but you get really high quality. And I think the future of our area should be with high quality, because we're not going to have the kind of farms they have in the San Joaquin Valley, with 4,000 acres of grapes in one big field."

When Gerber talks about high quality, he's not merely fantasizing. After all, with just six of the hundreds of wineries in the state, the valley in recent years has won about 25% of the medals in competitions at the Oregon State Fair.

"We're ripe to be discovered. Once in awhile, there's a glimmer of publicity about southern Oregon, but there's a lot more here than people are hearing about."

Gerber stresses, too, the positive impact wine-making could have on the suffering local economy.

"Every three acres planted make one full-time job. If you look at hay and cattle ranches, you can't say anything like that. And the benefits, of course, aren't confined to the winery. They also extend to jobs at the distributorship and the retail level.

"I have about one person per ten acres working on a year-round basis, and at high points, such as the harvest, there are about 30 people. The last time I looked, there were probably 50 or more people in Cave Junction who were supported entirely by the wine industry. Ten years ago, there probably wouldn't have been more than one or two.

"I have a feeling that someday we could rival the pear industry in terms of economic input into the area, and eventually maybe even the timber industry."

IF ALL THIS gives you a notion to get into wine-making while the getting in is still good, bear in mind you're going to need a bundle of cash. Gerber says it can take up to \$15,000 an acre to plant a vineyard, and that, without money behind you, growth can be slow, because it'll be years before you get your investment back.

"Stores can buy sugar and turn their money over in ten days. But wineries have to wait three years — and that just covers the making and selling of the

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GILLIAN GARCIA

wine, not the vineyard."

Both Knowles and Wisnovsky caution, however, that the secret of making a success of a small vineyard is, not just an adequate supply of capital, but the wisdom to grow the right kind of grape, such as chardonnay, which is used to produce dry white wines like Chablis, and is hard to come by.

"In a year like this," Wisnovsky says, "we're one of the only places in the state that can ripen chardonnay. Lots of the wineries up north will want our fruit."

To be sure, most people would rather drink wine than grow it, and not a few are intimidated by the vast array of brands on sale. If you're among the latter, Wisnovsky's advice is that you

can't go wrong with southern Oregon wines, both for quality and price.

"When people sample our wines, they'll find we can hold our own against California's, and that, in most cases, we're substantially less expensive."

You'll have an excellent opportunity to put Wisnovsky's and other local wine-makers' products to the test at Jefferson Public Radio's annual Harvest Celebration and Wine Tasting, set for the Ashland Hills Inn at 6 p.m. on Dec. 8. Admission is \$25 (\$20 for JPR members). If that's too rich for your blood, all the local wineries offer free samples to visitors [see box]. Take a designated driver!

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A child's dream of a star

THERE WAS ONCE a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they

wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little

playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young — oh, very, very young! — the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a little grave among

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the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is

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Dutch TV Airs Program Exploring Life and Death

Reuter

Imagine a television game show in which a studio audience must decide which of two patients should receive life-saving medical treatment. Too controversial to screen? Not in the Netherlands, where a series called "A Matter of Life and Death" has been confronting viewers with exactly this type of dilemma. Originally intended to stimulate debate on how to control health spending, the series has triggered criticism of its unorthodox approach to the issue. The Ministry of Health decided to co-finance the six-part series in order to promote public debate about how to keep the costs of the Dutch health-care system under control. The program has made some people think. In one episode, two patients admitted they had no idea how much their regular physiotherapy treatment cost.

Texas Court Deals Blow to Insurers

UPI

Dealing a blow to Texas automobile insurance companies, a divided Texas Supreme Court ruled that liability coverage extends to the family members of an insured motorist. The insurance industry said the ruling means that family members will now be able to file liability lawsuits against each other, driving up the cost of auto insurance premiums. The high court in a 5-4 ruling invalidated the family-member exclusion rule, which has been a standard provision in auto liability insurance policies issued in Texas.

State Farm Continues Dividend Refund

The State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company is continuing mailing premium refunds totaling \$7.5 million to Oregon policyholders. The refunds, which total about 6.7% of each individual's semi-annual premium, are being mailed to 488,700 State Farm auto insurance customers in Oregon over a six-month period which began in mid-September. State Farm Mutual authorized the dividends for customers because claim costs were less than anticipated.

Third Quarter Losses Reported

USA Today

Catastrophes inflicted \$775 million in claims on property/casualty insurers in the third quarter of this year, according to the American Insurance Services Group, Inc. The total for the year is now \$4.8 billion, making 1993 the third most costly year on record. The brush fires in Southern California will factor into fourth-quarter figures.

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my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—Charles Dickens

Stop the music

I'VE RESIGNED from the band I've been playing with for the past three and a half years, having come to the conclusion that they have no desire to go any further than they've gone so far. All they want to do is go on playing every Working Men's Club in Surrey and South London forever.

I don't want to be a millionaire particularly, but on the other hand I'd hoped that by getting reasonably proficient at playing rock and roll and ballads, they might have sufficient desire for adventure to try some new material of their own. In this particular case, though, that means some new material of *my* own, because unless they've heard somebody else perform a piece, they have no idea at all how it might be performed. Even if I stayed, I'd have to make multi-track demos for them to listen to, before they could perform my stuff. And after I'd done that, they still wouldn't want to perform it, because Chuck Berry or Status Quo hadn't originated it. This rule would apply regardless of the quality of the material.

Well, then they got to telling me about how rock and roll should be performed, and I realized their perception of how it should be isn't mine at all. They perceive it as a set routine for each number in which everything is rehearsed and the soloist (nearly always me) plays the same thing each time (the same thing 200 times a year?). My perception of it is a version of simple jazz in which you use your wits (in my case, use the chord sequence) to invent riffs, phrases, harmonies, and solos as they come up. Not infrequently, I can't even remember the gist of what I played last time, so they'll be completely out of luck with me if they want to try to go where they think it's at.

But I suspect there's also another factor involved. Since I was the one who first put them in gigging order from a complete mess, it wouldn't be surprising if they wanted to try doing it



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on their own.

So I left. I have to say I'm not happy with losing the regular weekly practice and payment, but one can't have everything in this world, and I'm told by other players that I shouldn't have any difficulty getting more work. Furthermore, when you've played the same 80 or 90 numbers every week for three and a half years, they can get a little tedious.

It also leaves a space in my life for the development of my own band, which is to be a band that plays a lot of original material along with old standards, and should sound somewhere along the lines of the MJQ, '70s rock, rock and roll, and mainstream jazz mixed. I've yet to get all the players together, but have a sensitive drummer (such a thing is possible), a girl guitarist, a bass of unknown ability, and a saxophonist, if I have to play piano. I may actually choose to play piano, though, because, even if I'm not very brilliant, the piano has more influence over the whole sound than a sax.

These players may be sufficient to start. Once we have an idea of what we're trying to do, we might look for some others.

And, finally, I want to write a few scores, but don't know what bands to write them for. It's no good writing stuff that doesn't get performed, so I search around for ready-made ensembles that want to try new stuff. Unfortunately, they're almost as difficult to find as a rock-and-roller who can perform new material, and possibly for the same reasons. The other day, however, I found a French-horn group, so I'll write a few bits for five French horns, with spaces that can be occupied for things like electric bass, electric guitar, improvising saxophone, drums, etc. . . . Oh, yes, there's no limit.

AN EX-STUDENT of mine phoned up the other day. He used to come for saxophone lessons. I think he must have been the least capable person I've ever seen try to play an instrument (though I'll say they all manage in the end), but I presume it says something for my approach to things that he felt able to phone me after not booking for so long.

I thought, that's a stroke of luck. Just when I've given up the regular gigs, the students start coming back. But I'm

afraid it turns out to be otherwise. He's forming a band, you see, and as I was the best saxophonist he'd ever heard (!), he thought he'd ask me if I'd like to join. The thing is, he's got this marvelous girl singer (would I like to hear a sample over the phone?), and they're going to put this band together.

The plan is as follows. Once they've got me (to play all the instruments at once), they'll make a demo, and then sell it to a record company. And we'll all be rich and live happily ever after. Quite simple, really. I don't know why nobody's ever thought of it before.

I asked what they wanted me to play, in light of my not actually being able to play all the instruments at once. Well, just saxophone and bass would do. Have they any other players? I asked. No, you're the musician, they said.

I've always been around the lunatic fringe, so I didn't give up. Tell you what, I said. Send me a demo recording of her voice, because nobody sounds any good over the phone, and some people who sound good live don't record well.

This they agreed to do. But the real message is beginning to sink in. I remember now that one of the things we tried, when saxophone lessons became too painful, was putting his words that don't scan to music, with me playing the piano and by much contortion and strain persuading some of the words to fall into consistent numbers of bars per chorus, with even the same chord sequence in each. But, my God, it was hard work.

So what I now believe they wish to do is make multi-track recordings (my little thing only does four), with me playing every instrument and recording it on my machine (I've got to learn to play bass, but that's no big problem). So that what we'll in fact end up with is a recording of something written by me, and played by me, that he holds the copyright to. Being a person of business (however ineffective I may be at it), I don't think much of that idea.

HERE'S A FINE thing. The solicitor telephoned to let me know that, in the matter of London Borough of Southwark v. Hugh Harris, the Council is willing to discuss a settlement out of court.

I only have to agree to pay them £10,000 over 30 years (I'm now 55, so I'd

be 85 by the time of the last payment), and they'll withdraw their claim for £35,000. The solicitor sounded thrilled!

If you've been following this story in my previous letters, I needn't tell you how unimpressed I was.

First of all, we've gone through the whole subject dozens of times, and the solicitor doesn't seem to have grasped the issues any more than if it had been the first time the case had been discussed with him. And, second of all, I can't afford to be a £90,000 loser.

Strangely, there was a time when he did seem to have grasped the issues, but the nearer the case has got to resolution, the more he's lost the thread. So the problem I now have is to find out whether the solicitor has really forgotten everything, is bored with the case, has decided there's no further profit in it, has lost his nerve, or is being manipulated by masons. Or perhaps I need some other ideas.

It's a hair-raising situation, because, as my surveyor warned me, the matter being negotiated is apparently being negotiated by people who don't have a clue what it's about. They appear to be people who can't deal with reality.

Just one little ray of hope has come, in the form of a suggestion from a friend. In a discussion with her, I happened to mention how it appeared the Council's surveyor didn't know anything about buildings. And now she suggests that perhaps the Council's surveyor isn't a surveyor at all.

She also points out that someone like a judge will have a very limited view of things, that a surveyor without qualifications will be counted as "not being a proper person" to carry out the survey or order the works, and that therefore the Council can be shown to have had no case for executing them! If, she says, the judge has the intellect to grasp the least bit of this, he only has to be the sort who likes to appear unbiased, and I'm home and dry.

Even though things are never this simple, I'll investigate the surveyor's qualifications.

I'll write to the Council's legal department asking them for the qualifications of all the surveyors who've involved themselves with the various notices served on the previous owner and me.

Strange for someone like me to be taking qualifications seriously.

Bless us, every one

IT'S POSSIBLE to ruin Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*.

I've seen productions on stage and screen in which Ebenezer Scrooge is absolutely *not right* — productions which end with Scrooge being redeemed not so much by remorse and pity as by the love of a dimpled blonde, or in which, God help us, Scrooge and Bob Cratchit and the Spirits dance about the gloomy London streets singing show tunes.

But I always take a chance on *A Christmas Carol*, because for me it's become a holiday ritual as important to my celebration of the season as an evergreen tree in the living room, a ham in the oven, and the long-distance call my sister and I make to our parents on the east coast to sing the "Sisters" song from Bing Crosby's *White Christmas*.

In the last 40 years, I've amassed perhaps 20 different *Carols*, and I have my favorites among them. Of the films, I like the made-for-television version starring George C. Scott. With his gravelly voice and his long stinky nose, despite his American accent he's a perfect Scrooge (of course, I find him a perfect everything: in the television *Jane Eyre* he was the Mr. Rochester of my dreams). Scott has a knack for making characters brilliantly real: we feel his bitter exhaustion as he stumps up the dark and creaking stairs to his sitting room; and when he leans out the window, calling, "What's today, my fine fellow?" we feel the acrid London air that hits his face, and the great joy that rushes into his chest when the boy replies, "Why, Christmas Day!" and Scrooge knows it's not too late to join the celebration.

More Christmases ago than I care to count, a dreary winter evening in Chicago was transformed when I first saw the Goodman Theatre's famous production of *A Christmas Carol*. Whoever played the part of Scrooge has been eclipsed in my memory by the huge, beaming Spirit of Christmas

Present — a roaring, joyous, feasting incarnation of what we like to believe Christmas should always be. Such was the skill of the actor, the costumers, and the set-designers that the audience really believed that tucked under the green velvet of the Spirit's voluminous skirts was the possibility of solace and refuge for all of us. And such was the power of the whole performance that when we came out of the theater into Chicago's wet, mean streets, we felt, however briefly, a confident hope for the future of mankind.

Such hopes are easily dashed; the struggle is as much in envisioning possibility as in the physical alleviation of suffering. But vision is what art does for us. Even works less overtly message-laden than *A Christmas Carol* enrich us: paintings, plays, symphonies, poetry — what are they about if not human potential, the possibility of change, a way to enlightenment? By their mere existence, even portrayals of evil surely imply their opposites.

Time and again we're depressed and disheartened by what we see around us: unemployment, drug use, AIDS,

ignorance, violence. We can say, as Scrooge said during that long-ago Christmas-shopping season, "Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? Let them die, and decrease the surplus population!" But we have an advantage which poor Scrooge lacked; we may not be carried off by Spirits on midnight journeys through time, but we have art, and the imagination that creates it and is created by it. It's the imagination that can bring us hope, and from hope emerges change.

Probably my favorite production of *A Christmas Carol* is the one-man show I saw a year or two ago in Salt Lake City, performed by the actor Patrick Stewart on his way to Broadway. Stewart is known to millions as Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the starship *Enterprise* in television's *Star Trek: The Next Generation*; and when he first came onstage, it was Captain Picard I saw. Then, for a few moments, I was seeing Charles Dickens himself. I'd just finished reading a biography of Dickens, which recounted his tour of America in 1868, when in city after city audiences mobbed his remarkable



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readings of his own work. The descriptions of these occasions are truly astounding: he read straight through for hours, throwing himself into the roles of his characters, laughing and weeping along with his audience — a

**But the best
'Christmas
Carol' is the
book itself.
The words
will keep
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power as long
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performance I'd give a lot to have seen, as much as — more than! — Woodstock, Marian Anderson at the Lincoln Memorial, and the Beatles at Shea Stadium.

But only a few lines into Patrick Stewart's two hours on stage, Dickens and Captain Picard and Stewart him-

self disappeared, and I was watching Ebenezer Scrooge — and Bob Cratchit, and Scrooge's nephew, and old Fezziwig; and when Tiny Tim piped, "God bless us, every one!" it was Tiny Tim, a lame little fellow with a tiny crutch — not a tall bald Shakespearean actor at all. Before my eyes, in spite of my eyes, the man on stage was all of them.

But the best *Christmas Carol* is the book itself. Mine is an old leather-bound copy, part of a set of Dickens' works complete except for the first volume of *Bleak House*. The yellow pages are brittle, the binding crumbles at the corners, the gold-embossed title on the spine is flaking off, and the book smells old — of dust, of too many years in boxes. But the words on those fragile pages will keep their magic powers as long as they're legible — and beyond, because I've memorized not a few of them.

You may not like George C. Scott, a trip to downtown Chicago may be beyond your budget, and Patrick Stewart has probably left Broadway and beamed back up to the *Enterprise*. But the book that Dickens wrote a hundred years ago is as close as the closest library. The world of *A Christmas Carol* is our world. With the vision of Dickens in our hands, each of us has the power to make it so.

Recordings

The year's best

HOW'S THAT? You say you can't make up your mind which of the innumerable recordings released this year would make the best Christmas gifts? Well, something told us you were grappling with this problem, Bunky, so we thought we'd help you out by asking the experts at JPR to name their favorite releases of 1993. And guess what? Almost all of the following CDs and cassettes are available through the Public Radio Music Source (1-800-75-MUSIC), so you'll be helping JPR with every stocking-stuffer you order.

Russ Levin

•Brahms, *Serenade No. 1, Variations on a Theme by Haydn*. Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, Yoel Levi (Telarc 80349). A beautiful balance of warmth and lyricism.

•Maria Tipo *Plays Bach: Partitas Nos. 1, 2, 4* (EMI 54463). Far better than Glenn Gould.

•Sergio and Odair Assad, *Rameau, Scarlatti, Couperin, Bach*. (Nonesuch 79292). My choice for Album of the Year. The way these works should sound.

•Rene Leibowitz: *The German Album* (Chesky 96). Leibowitz leads the International Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Philharmonic in the overture to Wagner's *Tannhauser*, Schumann's Symphony No. 3 and "Manfred" Overture, and Liszt's "Mephisto" Waltz. This is a re-release with excellent sound, and the performance of the Schumann Third — the "Rhenish" — is the most exciting I've ever heard.

•Clint Black, *No Time To Kill* (RCA 66239). Despite a sappy duet with Wynonna Judd, Clint is still the best.

John Baxter

•Anitas Livs, *Ugh!* (Slask SLACD 005; Box 27, S-430, 84 Styrso, Sweden). The performers are three Swedish women who combine traditional Lapp

folk music, African and Indian percussion, and modern electronics with classic American blues tunes. Odd and wonderful, and nearly impossible to find, this Swedish release is begging to be snapped up by some U.S. distributor.

•Bachir Attar, *The Next Dream* (CMP CD 57). The leader of the Master Musicians of Jajouka, Morocco, teams with African drummer Ayib Dieng and former James Brown saxman Maceo Parker (!) on microtonal music that crackles with energy. With a tune with a name like "Ceremonies Against the Night of the Devil," how can you go wrong? Not for squeamish ears, though.

•Duke McVinnie, *Bugs* (Action Box Records, Box 10423, Burbank, CA 91510). A singer/songwriter with a voice inspired by Captain Beefheart and Tom Waits, McVinnie writes tunes that are sardonic, tragic, and somehow beautiful, and sets them in a haunting industrial soundscape. Made for less than 500 bucks, this CD is independent music at its best.

•Charles Mingus, *Changes One/Changes Two* (Rhino/Atlantic 71403 and 71404). A CD reissue (finally!) of two classic releases from the 1970s, by one of Mingus' best bands. "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue," from *Changes Two*, is one of the greatest single statements in American music. These CDs make the current retro-bop rage sound hopelessly tepid.

•Tom Verlaine, *Cover* (Warner Bros. 25144). Okay, so this solo release by the guitar wizard and leader of the band Television (which reunited this year) dates from 1984. Better late than never! I discovered it this summer in the bargain-cassette bins at Fred Meyer, and found it so full of infectious pop hooks and twangy atmospherics that it's now right up there with the Talking Heads' *Speaking in Tongues* as my personal choice for the best pop record of the '80s.

Colleen Pyke

•Ben Tavera King, *Coyote Moon* (Global Pacific 79331). King lures us into the deserts of the southwest with everything from traditional Hispanic guitar rhythms and classic flamenco themes to an easy jazz sound. The coyote moon — the larger-than-life full

moon that rises over the breathtaking mountain ranges of the desert — gets its name from the howls with which coyotes serenade its appearance.

•Paul Voudouris, *It Takes Two* (Hit Records 2756). A look at life in the '90s, featuring songs like "It Takes Two to Tango" (about being responsible for your own love life) and "Isn't Love Stupid" (which tells us we all need it and want it and it's kind of fun). A nice present for the realistic love puppies on your list.

•John Martyn, *No Little Boy* (Mesa 79057). John's been around for a while, but he's new to me — and delightful. Of these soulful versions of poetic songs about life, my favorite is "Head and Heart."

•A. J. Croce (Private Music 82108). Twenty-one years old this year, on his first album Croce combines a wonderful boogie-woogie rhythm-and-blues piano style with a rustic voice in which he belts out some real toe-tapping tunes about life and love. Sample: "He's got a way with women, 'cause he just got away with mine." Opening for Tuck and Patti at the Britt Festival this summer, A.J. took audiences by storm.

•Rory Block, *Ain't I A Woman* (Rounder 3120). In addition to traditional blues songs such as "Come On In My Kitchen," this album features originals like the title track — the tale of a slave woman, Sojourner Truth, who had 13 children and worked as hard as any man. Block's journey of pain, hope, and love closes with a gospel rendition of "Walk in Jerusalem," performed with her son, Jordan. A winner.

Pat Daly

In the past year, in connection with my job, I estimate I heard parts of around 2,500 CDs new to the JPR library. Out of such a huge number, it's no easy task picking my favorites, but here are a few discs that I found exceptionally interesting and entertaining.

•Aziza (Columbia 53415). Aziza Mustafa Zadeh is a 23-year-old pianist from Azerbaijan and, from the first notes you hear him play, you'll realize you're in the presence of something new, and difficult to categorize. Is it classical music? Jazz? Improvisations on Azerbaijani folk music? The answer is, it's all of these — and great piano

playing besides. There are no timid or unsure efforts here. The music is wonderfully direct, powerful and, in the slower tunes, exotically reflective.

•Musikas, *The Lost Jewish Music of Transylvania* (Hannibal 1373). I defy you to sit still while you listen to this visceral, vivacious, and passionate music. Musikas, a quartet, has been playing traditional and popular Hungarian music for years, but this is its most accessible and entertaining release.

•Ron Levy's *Wild Kingdom, B-3 Blues and Grooves* (Bullseye Blues 9532). A veteran bluesman for years on piano, guitar, and organ, Levy has his name on a dozen discs as a sideman for such luminaries as Albert King, B.B. King, and Roomful of Blues. There are no frills here, just a dozen hard-blowin' cats groovin'.

•Baltimore Consort, *La Roque 'n' Roll, Popular Music of the French Renaissance* (Dorian 90177). A classical group for the '90s, these folks have long hair, hang out at the beach, and like to play music by Pierre Attaignant (among others). When I think of the staid, stuffy, musicologically correct performances of many early-music groups, the Baltimore Consort stands out in wonderful contrast.

•Sergio and Odair Assad, *Rameau, Scarlatti, Couperin, Bach*. (Nonesuch 79292). The Assad brothers grew up in Brazil, and have been practicing and performing as a duo all their lives. This is their third album for Nonesuch and, though all the delightful music on it was composed for harpsichord between 1720 and 1750, it's highly appropriate for the guitar, a plucked string instrument, too. The Assads' tempi are exciting, their technique is superb, and their ensemble is almost unbelievable. If you love classical guitar, this is the cream of the 1993 crop.

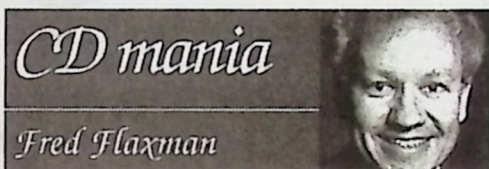
Keith Henty

•Les McCann, *Relationships* (Rhino R2 71279); Charles Mingus, *Thirteen Pictures* (Rhino R2 71402); John Coltrane, *The Last Giant* (Rhino R2 71255); Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *Does Your House Have Lions?* (Rhino R2 71406). For jazz buffs, Rhino Records has anthologized some hauntingly beautiful, classic Atlantic recordings by Mingus and other giants. These are

double CD collections, lovingly packaged with 50-page booklets full of remarkable remembrances and photographs. Listening to these albums is like listening to holy bits of history.

•Taj Mahal, *Dancing the Blues* (Private Music 01005 82112). Some of the best blues, boogie, and party sounds. A backwater sound with a world-beat flavor. Get your friends over, clear the area of breakables, and crank up Taj.

•John Martyn, *No Little Boy* (Mesa 79057). Martyn's vocals pull you into another world, wistful and gentle.



Richard Strauss, home-breaker

MY WIFE AND I have been happily married for 30 years, which proves we're quite compatible. There are only two things we disagree about:

•*Food*. She's a vegetarian, while I can't do without an occasional cooked corpse.

•*Richard Strauss*. I love his music, while she'd rather eat a cooked corpse than listen to three minutes of *Ein Heldenleben*.

And yet even Annick loves Strauss' Piano Sonata in B minor, Op.5, probably because it's such an early work that it sounds as if it had been written by someone else. Only by whom? I can't quite figure that out. Perhaps Schumann comes the closest, but then parts of it sound more like Mendelssohn, and others more like Grieg or Brahms. One thing's for sure. This piece is by a thoroughly professional romantic composer who knows how to write one beautiful tune after another and make them all come together perfectly on the piano. Indeed, this work is so superb from beginning to end that, in my view, it deserves to be a war-horse of the professional repertoire, rather than the unjustly neglected masterpiece it is.

When I discovered the Glenn Gould recording of this sonata several years

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ago (CBS Masterworks MK 38659), I considered it my CD discovery of the year. And I like it more with each hearing. Gould's flawless performance certainly helps, as does the digitally recorded sound.

The work is coupled with Strauss' even earlier "Five Piano Pieces" (*Klavierstucken*), Op. 3, which is also beautiful, melodious and, in a word, ideal Strauss for people who hate Strauss.

A quick check of the fall 1993 Schwann catalogue reveals that this 1984 CD is still available, as is a 1982 analog recording by Gould of the same sonata (Sony Classical SM2K 52657). Gould's interpretation can also be heard on a three-CD set that includes Brahms, Grieg, Sibelius, and Wagner (CBS M3K-42107). If you'd like the Sonata in B minor without Gould's notorious humming in the background, try the 1990 digitally recorded CD by Y. Boukoff (Adda 581187). This is coupled with Strauss' cello and violin sonatas.

In fairness to Annick, there are two other pieces by Strauss that she really enjoys: the thoroughly uplifting waltzes

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from *Der Rosenkavalier* (how could anyone not like those!), and his "Four Last Songs." But there's a great deal more Strauss to be enjoyed by people who don't share my wife's aversion to loud brass and Teutonic grandstanding. I have in mind in particular the tuneful

**There's
more to
love in
Strauss
than loud
brass**

humor of *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*, the brooding seriousness of *Death and Transfiguration*, and the soaring melodies of *Don Juan*. You can find these superb tone poems together in digitally recorded performances by Loren Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra (CBS MDK-44909) or, for bargain-hunters, by Z. Kosler and the Slovak Philharmonic (Naxos 8.550250).

I'm also partial to the Burleske in D minor for piano and orchestra, which, when I first discovered it many years ago, was just as neglected as the Sonata in B minor. Now, though, there are some 14 CDs to choose from.

I have the digitally remastered analog recording with Byron Janis at the piano and Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony (RCA 5734-2-RC). But the poor sound makes me wish I had the Rosenberger recording with Schwarz and the Seattle Symphony (Delos DE 3109). Moreover, the latter CD is coupled with the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes, so Annick might not object to its ending up under the Christmas tree this month.

And then there's good old *Ein Heldenleben*, which, I'm the first to admit, has only one great tune in 45 minutes. But, ah, what a tune that is! Used 40 years ago as the theme for "The Big Story" TV series, this is one of the most exciting melodies ever created. I also greatly prefer it to the theme from *Also Sprach Zarathustra* that Stanley Kubrick lifted from obscurity when he used it in his film 2001: *A Space Odyssey*. I have an out-of-print digital recording of *Zarathustra* with Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (London 414 292-2). But I don't dare play it except when my wife isn't home, if I expect our marriage to last another 30 years.

Books

Life of Otway

OF THOMAS OTWAY, one of the first names in the English drama, little is known; nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleasure in relating.

He was born at Trotton in Sussex, March 3, 1651, the son of Mr. Humphry Otway, rector of Woolbeding. From Winchester-school, where he was educated, he was entered in 1669 a commoner of Christ-church; but left the university without a degree, whether for want of money, or from impatience of academical restraint, or mere eagerness to mingle with the world, is not known.

It seems likely that he was in the hope of being busy and conspicuous; for he went to London, and commenced player; but found himself unable to gain any reputation on the stage.

This kind of inability he shared with Shakespeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise some of their excellences. It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty become a great actor; that he who can feel, could express; that he who can excite passion, should exhibit with great readiness its external modes; but since experience has fully proved that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other; it must be allowed that

they depend upon different faculties, or on different use of the same faculty; that the actor must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may be easily supposed to want; or that the attention of the poet and the player have been differently employed; the one has been considering thought, and the other action; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face.

Though he could not gain much notice as a player, he felt in himself such powers as might qualify for a dramatic author; and in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, produced *Alcibiades*, a tragedy; whether from the *Alcibiade* of *Palaprat*, I have not means to enquire. Langbain, the great detector of plagiarism, is silent.

In 1677 he published *Titus and Berenice*, translated from Racine, with the *Cheats of Scapin* from Moliere; and in 1678 *Friendship in Fashion*, a comedy, which, whatever might be its first reception, was, upon its revival at Drury-lane in 1749, hissed off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

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Want of morals, or of decency, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is said to have been at this time a favourite companion of the dissolute wits. But, as he who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh; their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship. Men of wit, says one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the Great but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty without the support of innocence.

Some exception, however, must be made. The Earl of Plymouth, one of King Charles's natural sons, procured for him a cornet's commission in some troops then sent into Flanders. But Otway did not prosper in his military character; for he soon left his commission behind him, whatever was the reason, and came back to London in extreme indigence; which Rochester mentions with merciless insolence in the *Session of the Poets*:

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,

And swears for heroicks he writes best of any;

Don Carlos his pockets so amply had

**He had
what was
the common
reward of
loyalty;
he lived
and died
neglected**

fill'd,

That his mange was quite cured, and his lice were all kill'd.

*But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a play-house, for the prop of
an age.*

Don Carlos, from which he is represented as having received so much benefit, was played in 1675. It appears, by the Lampoon, to have had great success, and is said to have been played thirty nights together. This however it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time; when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the audience, consisting nearly of the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that keep possession of the stage, and has pleased for almost a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramattick fashion. Of this play nothing new can easily be said. It is a domestick tragedy drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression. But if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed.

The same year produced *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*; much of which is borrowed from the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakespeare.

In 1683 was published the first, and next year the second, parts of *The Soldier's Fortune*, two comedies now forgotten; and in 1685 his last and greatest dramattick work, *Venice preserved*, a tragedy which still continues to be one of the favourites of the publick, notwithstanding the want of morality in the original design, and the despicable scenes of vile comedy with which he has diversified his tragick action. By comparing this with his *Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetick. The striking passages are in every mouth;


and the publick seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellences of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but of one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting the nature in his own breast.

Together with those plays he wrote the poems which are in the late collection, and translated from the French the *History of the Triumvirate*.


All this was performed before he was thirty-four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a publick house on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choaked with the first mouthful. All this, I hope, is not true; and there is this ground of better hope, that Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates in Spence's memorials, that he died of a fever caught by violent pursuit of a thief that had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might bring him to the grave.

Of the poems which the late collection admits, the longest is the *Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, part of which I do not understand; and in that which is less obscure I find little to commend. The language is often gross, and the numbers are harsh. Otway had not much cultivated versification, nor much replenished his mind with general knowledge. His principal power was in moving the passions, to which Dryden in his latter years left an illustrious testimony. He appears, by some of his verses, to have been a zealous royalist; and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty; he lived and died neglected.

—Samuel Johnson,
Lives of the English Poets (1779)



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At a glance

Specials this month

This month's call-in, produced by JPR's news department, looks at caring for aging parents. As health-care costs skyrocket and life expectancy continues to lengthen, more and more people are faced

with the challenges of caring for their parents. Join News Director Annie Hoy and her guests, and call in with your questions. The program airs Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7 p.m., on both FM services.

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

This month, the Metropolitan Opera returns for the 1993-94 broadcast season. The series kicks off with "The Met Marathon," Saturday, Dec. 4, at 10:30 a.m.

Join Luciano Pavarotti as he travels to his birthplace of Modena, Italy, for a special concert performance of arias by Puccini, Mascagni, Bizet, and others. "Pavarotti in Modena" airs Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 p.m.

Holiday specials include:

• Sunday, Dec. 19, 3 p.m.: Handel's *Messiah*, live from Portland. Eric Milnes conducts the Portland Baroque Orchestra

and Chorus in this holiday favorite. ("All Things Considered" will be heard at 6 p.m. this day only.)

• Saturday, Dec. 25, 8 a.m.: "A Christmas Concert from St. Paul's Cathedral." This BBC production features members of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Boy Choristers and Gentlemen of St. Paul's, conducted by John Scott in a program that includes traditional English carols and holiday music by Delius, Holst, Britten, and Arnold.

Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

"The Musical Enchanter Storytelling Hour" comes to JPR this month, Sunday evenings at 8 p.m. Join us for this delightful hour of family listening beginning Dec. 5. ("Thistle & Shamrock" will move to 9 p.m., with "Music from the Hearts of Space" at 10 p.m., and "Possible Musics" at 11.)

Holiday specials include:

• Tuesday, Dec. 14, 9 p.m.: "Chanukah Lights." The best of the past three years' programs, with Susan Stamberg and Murray Horwitz reading stories and tales that explore the variety of Jewish holiday experience through the ages.

• Tuesday, Dec. 21, 9 p.m.: Jonathan Winters' "A Christmas Carol." This popular annual holiday program features America's favorite improvisatory comedian in his performance of Dickens' classic. Winters narrates the tale, and performs all the male roles, with Mimi Kennedy performing the female roles.

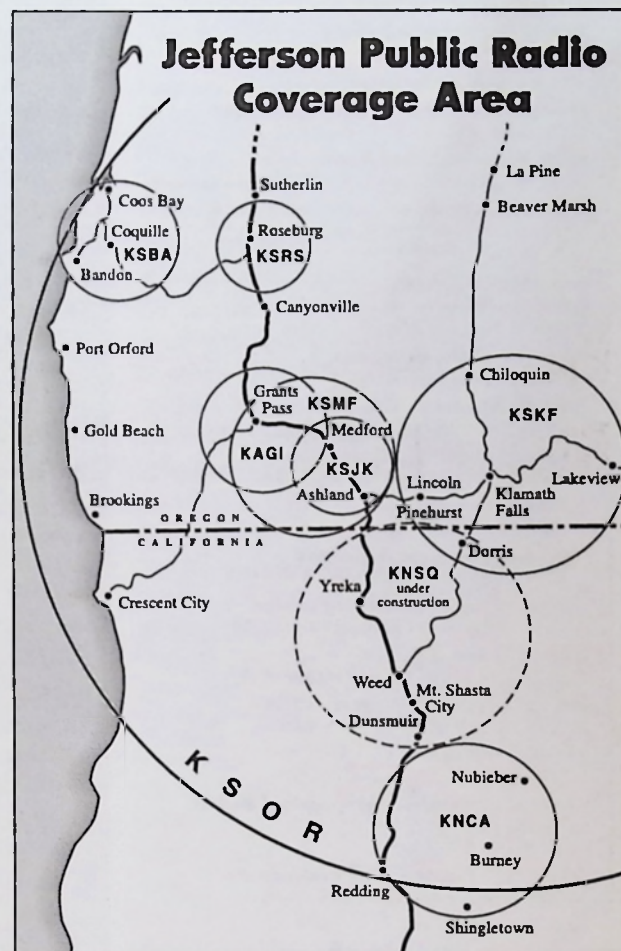
• Saturday, Dec. 18, 10 p.m.: Join Peter Gaulke and Lars Svendsgaard for their annual Christmas Blues Show. Four hours of the bluest Christmas music on the planet.

• Friday, Dec. 24, 3 p.m.: "A Jazz Piano Christmas: 4." Tony Bennett again hosts this yearly jazz Christmas special. Featured with him are Harry Connick, Jr., Steve Allen, Geri Allen, and Ray Bryant.

• Saturday, Dec. 25, 1 p.m.: "A Caribbean Christmas." Join Georges Collinet on a special magical mystery tour around the Caribbean to sample some of the many colorful sounds of the holiday season, with reggae, salsa, calypso, and more.

• Saturday, Dec. 25, 2 p.m.: "Christmas at McCabe's," with T-Bone Burnett and Friends. From the intimate McCabe's Guitar shop in Santa Monica, Calif., T-Bone Burnett is joined by Mark O'Connor, Edgar Meyer, Jerry Douglas, Leo Kottke, Victoria Williams, Van Dyke Parks, Booker T. Jones, Jeff Bridges, and Joe Henry in this holiday spectacular hosted by (watch out) Harry Shearer.

• Saturday, Dec. 25, 4 p.m.: "Hot Ticket to the Holidays." From the CBC's Glenn Gould Theatre in Toronto comes this holiday concert featuring singer/songwriter Jane Siberry, Holly Cole, Victoria Williams, and others.



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KSRS 91.5 FM
ROSEBURG

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 Metropolitan Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered		4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 Cincinnati Pops
		5:00 America and the World	3:00 Classical Countdown
		5:30 Pipedreams	4:00 All Things Considered
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	5:00 State Farm Music Hall

Rhythm & News

KSMF 89.1 FM
ASHLAND
90.9 FM
CAVE JUNCTION

KSBA 88.5 FM
COOS BAY

KSKF 90.9 FM
KLAMATH FALLS

KAGI AM 930
GRANTS PASS

KNCA 89.7 FM
BURNLEY

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Iowa Radio Project (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 BluesStage
4:00 All Things Considered	9:00 Dracula (Wenesdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	9:30 Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Jazzset (Thursdays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Musical Enchanter
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	Storytelling Hour
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	9:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		9:00 The Retro Lounge	10:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		10:00 Blues Show	11:00 Possible Musics

News & Information

KSJK AM 1230
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitorradio Early Edition	Software/Hardtalk (Friday)	6:00 Monitorradio Weekend	6:00 CBC Sunday Morning
5:50 Marketplace Morning Report	1:00 Monitorradio	7:00 BBC Newsdesk	9:00 BBC Newshour
6:50 JPR Local and Regional News	1:30 Pacifica News	7:30 Inside Europe	10:00 Sound Money
8:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 The Jefferson Exchange (Monday)	8:00 Sound Money	11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge
9:00 Monitorradio	Monitorradio (Tuesday-Friday)	9:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 El Sol Latino
10:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Marketplace	10:00 Cranial Pursuits	8:00 BBC World Service
11:00 People's Pharmacy (Monday)	3:30 As It Happens	10:30 Talk of the Town	
The Parents Journal (Tuesday)	5:00 BBC Newshour	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	
Voices in the Family (Wednesday)	6:00 The Jefferson Daily	12:00 The Parents Journal	
New Dimensions (Thursday)	6:30 Marketplace	1:00 C-SPAN'S Journal	
Quirks and Quarks (Friday)	7:00 The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	2:00 Commonwealth Club of California	
12:00 BBC Newsdesk	8:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Second Thoughts	
12:30 Talk of the Town (Monday)	9:00 Pacifica News	3:30 Second Opinions	
The American Reader (Tuesday)	9:30 BBC Newsdesk	4:00 BBC Newshour	
51 Percent (Wednesday)	10:00 BBC World Service	5:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge	
Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursday)		8:00 BBC World Service	

ANOTHER CHANCE TO DANCE

The most original, danceable music series on radio goes global.



Saturdays at 1pm
on the
Rhythm & News
Service

FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE

Monday-Friday

5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Saturday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and Russ Levin. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

10:30-2:00pm • NPR World of Opera

Interesting series of operas recorded in the Netherlands, including a performance on Aug. 14 of

Tchaikovsky's rarely performed opera *Charodeyka*.

2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottelet hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Sunday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Milt Goldman brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

2:00pm • The Cincinnati Pops

Erich Kunzel conducts this series of pops concerts. Begins Oct. 10.

3:00pm • Classical Countdown

Rich Caparella hosts this review of the nation's favorite classical recordings. Special segments include "Turkey of the Week."

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

December Highlights

* indicates composer's birthday

First Concert

- Dec 1 W SAINT-SAENS: Violin Sonata
Dec 2 Th BRAHMS: "Haydn" Variations
Dec 3 F RACHMANINOFF: *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*
- Dec 6 M HAYDN: Trumpet Concerto
Dec 7 T COPLAND: *Rodeo*
Dec 8 W VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Oboe Concerto
Dec 9 Th QUANTZ: Flute Concerto in D
Dec 10 F SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 6
- Dec 13 M DVORAK: Symphonic Variations
Dec 14 T GRIEG: Violin Sonata No. 2
Dec 15 W BACH: Cantata No. 51
*Dec 16 Th BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5
Dec 17 F BRITTEN: Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge
- Dec 20 M KODALY: "Peacock" Variations
Dec 21 T HAYDN: Symphony No. 78
Dec 22 W CHAMINADE: Piano Trio No. 1
Dec 23 Th MOZART: Bassoon Concerto
Dec 24 F BRITTEN: *Ceremony of Carols*
- Dec 27 M DVORAK: Serenade for Strings
Dec 28 T BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonata No. 8
Dec 29 W TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 1
Dec 30 Th VILLA LOBOS: Guitar Concerto
Dec 31 F SCHUBERT: Sonata for Arpeggione

Siskiyou Music Hall

- Dec 1 W MENDELSSOHN: Octet
Dec 2 Th CHOPIN: Piano Sonata No. 3
Dec 3 F HANSON: Symphony No. 2, "Romantic"
- Dec 6 M DVORAK: Piano Quintet in A
Dec 7 T RODRIGO: *Concierto de Aranjuez*
Dec 8 W DEBUSSY: *Suite Bergamesque*
Dec 9 Th HAYDN: Cello Concerto in D
*Dec 10 F FRANCK: Violin Sonata in A
- Dec 13 M SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto
Dec 14 T MOZART: String Quartet in D, "Dissonant"
Dec 15 W MARTINU: Cello Sonata No. 2
*Dec 16 Th BEETHOVEN: *Wellington's Victory*
Dec 17 F RAVEL: Piano Trio in A
- Dec 20 M RAFF: Symphony No. 10, "In Autumn"
Dec 21 T STRAVINSKY: "Pulcinella" Suite
Dec 22 W KRUFFT: Horn Sonata
Dec 23 Th HANDEL: *Messiah*, Part I
Dec 24 F WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll*

- Dec 27 M SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony No. 9
Dec 28 T SCHUBERT: *Moments Musicaux*
Dec 29 W BACH: Violin Concerto in E
Dec 30 Th MOZART: Symphony No. 41
Dec 31 F KROMMER: Concerto for Two Clarinets

Metropolitan Opera

- Dec 4 The Met Marathon.
Dec 11 *Rusalka*, by Dvorak. Cast: Gabriela Benackova, Janis Martin, Stefania Toczyska, Ben Heppner, Sergei Kopchak. Conductor: Hermann Michael.
Dec 18 *Fidelio*, by Beethoven. Cast: Anne Evans, Helen Donath, Ben Heppner, Michael Schade, Robert Hale, Jan-Hendrick Rootering, Alan Held. Conductor: Hermann Michael.
Dec 25 *The Barber of Seville*, by Rossini. Cast: Ruth Anne Swenson, Frank Lopardo, Thomas Hampson, Enzo Dara, Jan-Hendrick Rootering.

Chicago Symphony

- Dec 4 Faure: *Masques et bergamesques Suite*, Op. 112; Busoni: Violin Concerto in D, Op. 35a; Elgar: "Enigma" Variations, Op. 36. Ruben Gonzalez, violin. James Paul, conductor.
Dec 11 Preempted by "Pavarotti in Modena."
Dec 18 Dvorak: Cello concerto in B minor, Op. 104; Stravinsky: *Petroushka*. Steven Isserlis, cello. Sir Georg Solti, conductor.
Dec 25 Mozart: Piano Concerti No. 12 in A, K. 414; No. 19 in F, K. 459, and No. 23 in A, K. 488. Christoph Eschenbach, pianist and conductor.

St. Paul Sunday Morning

- Dec 5 Emerson String Quartet. Webern: *Langsamer Satz*, Five Movements for Strings, Op. 5; Bartok: String Quartet No. 3; Sibelius: String Quartet in D Minor, Op. 56.
Dec 12 Emerson String Quartet, with Oscar Shumsky, violin. Schubert: Rondo, D. 438; Dvorak: Terzetto for Strings in C, Op. 74; Mozart: Quintet in D, K. 593.
Dec 19 The Sixteen. Harry Christophers, conductor. English vocal works for the holiday season.
Dec 26 Jorja Fleezanis, violin; Anthony Ross, cello; Edgar Meyer, bass. Handel: Sonata in A, Op. 1, No. 13; Ravel: Sonata for Violin and Cello; Rossini: Duetto; Edgar Meyer: Trio No. 3 (1988).

Cincinnati Pops

- Dec 5 Outdoor Picnic
Dec 12 Classical Capers
Dec 19 For the Kiddies
Dec 26 Christmas

Support Public Radio

TUNE IN

THE FOLK SHOW

Sundays 6pm on Rhythm & News

ECHOES

A DAILY
MUSIC
SOUNDSCAPE

Echoes is a soundscape of modern music. Seamless, shifting, flowing, it bridges new age, minimalism, space music, new acoustic music and world fusion.

**Weekdays
at 7pm
on the
Rhythm &
News Service**

OPEN AIR

Tune-in to Jefferson Public Radio's house blend of jazz, contemporary, blues, and new music. Join Wynton Marsalis, B.B. King, The Talking Heads, Ottmar Leibert, Ricky Lee Jones, Bob Marley, Miles Davis, Joni Mitchell, Pat Metheny and others on a musical journey that crosses conventions.

JEFFERSON PUBLIC RADIO
Rhythm & News

Monday-Thursday
9am-4pm
Fridays 9am-3pm

Rhythm & News Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Lo Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

9:00-9:30pm • Wed.: Iowa Radio Project

9:30pm • Wed.: Dracula

9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

9:00-10:00pm • Friday: The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Jerry Embree serves up a spicy gumbo of music Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde - a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

Saturday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

9:00-10:00pm • The Retro Lounge

Your host Lars presents all manner of musical oddities, rarities, and obscurities from the 1960s. Old favorites you've never heard before? Is it déjà vu? Or what?

10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt with the best in blues.

Sunday

6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

2:00-3:00pm • BluesStage

Our favorite live blues program moves to a new time. Ruth Brown hosts.

3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

8:00-9:00pm • The Musical Enchanter Storytelling Hour

This popular family program mixes songs and stories, and features Tish Seinfeld and Paul Richards.

9:00-10:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

10:00-11:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

11:00-3:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

November Highlights

Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

- Dec 3 Judy Roberts
- Dec 10 Joe Sample
- Dec 17 Tommy Banks
- Dec 24 A Jazz Piano Christmas (special)
- Dec 31 Corky Hale

AfroPop Worldwide

- Dec 4 AfroPop Worldwide Visits Detroit
- Dec 11 Africa Fete
- Dec 18 A Visit to Martinique
- Dec 25 A Caribbean Christmas (Special)

BluesStage

- Dec 5 Barbara Morrison
- Dec 12 Sugar Blue
- Dec 19 Taj Mahal
- Dec 26 Carol Fran and Clarence Holliman

New Dimensions

- Dec 5 Healing, Living and Being, with Mitchell May
- Dec 12 Creativity, Chaos and the Madwoman, with Linda Leonard
- Dec 19 Reincarnation Illuminated, with Venerable Lama Lodo
- Dec 26 Finding the Sacred, with Lynn Andrews

Confessin' the Blues

- Dec 5 Living Legends
- Dec 12 The Chess Years
- Dec 19 Christmas Blues
- Dec 26 The Sunnyland Trail: The Music of Sunnyland Slim

Jazzset

- Dec 2 Ryan Kisor
- Dec 9 Kei Akagi, Rufus Reid, Akira Tana
- Dec 16 Joe Williams: 75th Birthday Celebration
- Dec 23 Marlena Shaw, Lou Rawls, Sweet Baby Blues Band
- Dec 30 Ella Fitzgerald and the Jimmy Rowles Trio

Thistle and Shamrock

- Dec 5 A Feast of Celtic Music
- Dec 12 A Scottish Tradition
- Dec 19 Play on Words
- Dec 26 Silver Lining: Transforming bad weather into good music

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underwriting on
Jefferson Public Radio
is fully tax-deductible?**

Living on EARTH

**Environmental news
with the depth,
balance and clarity
you expect from
National Public
Radio.**

"The best of the eco-radio
programs."

— *New Age Journal*

**Saturdays
at 11am
Rhythm &
News Service**



**Join BluesStage
producer, Felix
Hernandez, for
two hours of great
American music –
roots rock, soul,
and R & B.**

**Saturdays at 6pm
Rhythm & News**

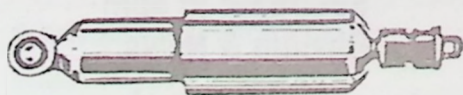
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car talk



Mixing
wisecracks
with
muffler
problems
and
word puzzles

with wheel
alignment,
Tom & Ray
Magliozzi
take the fear
out of car repair.

Saturdays at 10am on the
Rhythm & News Service



FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

News & Information Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-8:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Includes:

5:50am • Marketplace Morning Report

6:50am • JPR Local and Regional News

8:00am-9:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

9:00am-10:00 a.m. • Monitorradio

10:00am-11:00am • BBC Newshour

11:00am-Noon Monday • People's Pharmacy

11:00am-Noon Tuesday • The Parents Journal

11:00am-Noon Wednesday • Voices in the Family

Dan Gottlieb, a psychologist and family therapist, hosts this weekly program devoted to issues of mental and emotional health.

11:00am-Noon Thursday • New Dimensions

11:00am-Noon Friday • Quirks and Quarks

The CBC's award-winning science program.

12:00-12:30pm • BBC Newsdesk

The latest international news from the BBC World Service.

12:30pm-1:00pm Monday • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Tuesday • The American Reader

Interviews with authors of the latest books.

12:30pm-1:00pm Wednesday • 51 Percent

Features and interviews devoted to women's issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Thursday • The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins, and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, culture, and places that make up the human side of

astronomy.

12:30pm-1:00pm Friday • Software/-Hardtalk

Computer expert John C. Dvorak demystifies the dizzying changes in the world of computers.

1:00pm-1:30pm • Monitorradio

The latest national and international news.

1:30pm-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

2:00pm-3:00pm Monday • The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin, and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to southern Oregon.

2:00pm-3:00pm Tuesday-Friday • Monitorradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

5:00pm-6:00pm • BBC Newshour

6:00pm-6:30pm • The Jefferson Daily

Local and regional news magazine produced by Jefferson Public Radio.

6:30pm-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00pm program.

7:00pm-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

8:00pm-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

9:00pm-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

9:30pm-10:00pm • BBC Newsdesk
10:00pm-11:00pm • BBC World Service

Saturday

6:00am-7:00am • Monitoradio Weekend

7:00am-7:30am • BBC Newsdesk

7:30am-8:00am • Inside Europe

A weekly survey of European news produced by Radio Deutsche Welle in Cologne, Germany.

8:00am-9:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly program of financial advice. (Repeats Sunday at 10:00am.)

9:00am-10:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00am-10:30am • Cranial Pursuits

10:30am-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 12:30pm.)

11:00am-12:00 Noon • Zorba Paster on Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, MD, hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00pm-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine, and child development for helpful advice to parents.

1:00pm-2:00pm • C-SPAN'S Weekly Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public-affairs network.

200pm-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club of California

Lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public-affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Second Thoughts

David Horowitz hosts this weekly program of interviews and commentary from a conservative perspective.

3:30pm-4:00pm • Second Opinions

Erwin Knoll, editor of The Progressive magazine,

with a program of interviews from a left perspective.

4:00pm-5:00pm • BBC Newshour

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

5:00pm-8:00pm • To the Best of our Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture, and events.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

Sunday

6:00am-9:00am • CBC Sunday Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

9:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

11:00am-2:00pm • To the Best of Our Knowledge

Interviews and features about contemporary political, economic, and cultural issues, produced by Wisconsin Public Radio.

2:00pm-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - *en español*.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

DID YOU KNOW?

80% of public radio's listeners hold a more positive image of companies that support public radio.

Arts Scene

Michele Smirl, Editor

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. December 15 is the deadline for the January issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

Rogue Valley

Theater

• **The Holiday Broadcast of 1943** takes the audience back to Christmas Eve, 1943, when a group of servicemen and women are creating an all-star radio broadcast. Performances nightly at 8 through Dec. 31, except Dec. 7, 14, 24, and 25. Matinees on Dec. 5, 12, 19, and 26. Low-priced previews on Nov. 23-24. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

• **The Small Town Children's Christmas**, by P. K. Hallinan. Through Dec. 28 at 7:30 p.m., with Saturday matinees at 2. Gala opening and reception Nov. 26. All performances at Carpenter Hall in Ashland. Cygnet Theatre Group. 503-488-2945.

• **Voices of Christmas** weaves together a tapestry of traditional songs, stories, and dance from the British Isles, Scandinavia, and around the world. Presented by the Rogue Music Theatre on Dec. 8-12 in the Rogue Building at Rogue Community College in Grants Pass. For more information, call 503-479-2559.

Music

• **Benjamin Britten's Ceremony of Carols** and J.S. Bach's **Magnificat** will be performed by the Siskiyou Singers on Dec. 3-4 at 8 p.m. in the Music Recital Hall at SOSC. For tickets, call 503-535-6927.

• The SOSC music department will present a **Jazz Concert** on Dec. 2 at 8 p.m., a **Choirs Concert** on Dec. 5 at 3 p.m., and a **Messiah Sing-Along** on Dec. 12 at 8 p.m. All events in the SOSC Music Recital Hall. For tickets, call 503-552-6101.

• **Advent Carols and Hymns**, with Dr. Margaret Evans, organist and choir director. Dec. 5; 4 p.m.; St. Mark's
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Episcopal Church, 5th and Oakdale, Medford. For more information, call 503-552-6101 or 503-773-3111.

• **Rogue Valley Symphony's 1993 Holiday Candlelight Concerts.** Conductor Arthur Shaw and his wife, Nancie Linn Shaw, will play the Double Concerto for Violins by J.S. Bach. Dec. 10, Newman United Methodist Church, Grants Pass; Dec. 11, First United Methodist Church, Ashland; Dec. 17-18, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Medford. For more information, call 503-552-6354.

• **The Northwest Bach Ensemble** and the musicians from the **Oregon Shakespeare Festival** will present their annual New Year's concert in Carpenter Hall, Ashland, at 8 p.m. on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1. Tickets will be available at Cripple Creek Music on Dec. 1. Admission is \$10 (\$9, seniors; \$6, students). For more information, call 503-482-5017.

Exhibits

• **The Submuloc Show/Columbus Wohs.** At the Schneider Museum of Art, Siskiyou and Indiana, Ashland, through Dec. 17. Hours: Tuesday-Friday, 11-5; Saturday, 1-5. For more information, call 503-552-6245.

• **Second Anniversary Gallery Group Show.** Opens Dec. 3, with reception on Dec. 5. 4th Street Garden Gallery & Cafe, 265 4th, Ashland. 503-488-6263.

• **Susan Applegate/Landmarks: Images of Immigration - Then and Now.** Dec. 10-Jan. 14. Rogue Gallery, 40 S. Bartlett, Medford. 503-772-8118.

Other events

• **The Clayfolk Potters' 17th annual Christmas Show.** Works in clay. Gala opening Dec. 2 from 6 to 9; Dec. 3-4 from 10 to 7; Dec. 5 from 12 to 4. Medford Center, Biddle Road, Medford. For more information, call 503-535-2662.

• **Painting from Within,** a one-day workshop with Elaine H. Fielder. Dec. 4 from 9:30 to 4:30. For more information, call 503-535-7797.

• **The 13th annual Jefferson Public Radio Harvest Celebration and Wine Tasting.** Dec. 8; 6-9 p.m.; Ashland Hills Inn. Tickets are \$25 (\$20 for JPR Listeners Guild Members). For more information, call 503-552-6301.

• **Christmas Gift Craft Fair.** Dec. 11,

10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Dec. 12, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fine local crafts and live music. Shakespeare Great Hall, Main Street near Pioneer, Ashland.

Klamath Basin

Theater

• **The Voice of the Prairie,** by John Olive. Through Dec. 11 at the Linkville Playhouse, 201 Main, Klamath Falls. For tickets, call 503-884-6782.

Music

• **Myron Floren and Orchestra,** Dec. 4 at 4 p.m. and 7:30. **Snowflake Festival Christmas Concert,** Dec. 6 at 6 p.m. and 7:30. **Bob McGrath** ("Bob" from "Sesame Street"), Dec. 11 at 4 p.m. and 6. Ross Ragland Theater, 218 N. 7th, Klamath Falls. 503-884-0651.

Umpqua Valley

Theater

• **A Christmas Carol,** the classic Christmas story with music. Dec. 9-11 and 17-18 at 7:30 p.m.; Dec. 12 and 19 at 2 p.m.; Jacoby Auditorium, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

Music

• **A Victorian Christmas,** with John Doan, multi-instrumentalist. Dec. 17; 7:30 p.m.; Umpqua Valley Art Center, 1624 W. Harvard, Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

• **Handel's Messiah.** Dec. 5; 3 p.m.; Jacoby Auditorium, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

• **Music at Noon.** Dec. 7 in the Gallery, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

Exhibits

• **Mixed Media/Christmas Fantasy.** Hallie Brown Ford Gallery at the Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 W. Harvard, Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

• **Children Along the Oregon Trail.** An interactive media experience for children. Through Dec. 15 at Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. For more

information, call 503-440-4600.

Coast

Theater

• **Doc Holiday,** presented by the Red Octopus Theatre Company. Dec. 10-11 at 8 p.m. and Dec. 12 at 2 p.m. Newport Performing Arts Center, 777 W. Olive, Newport. 503-265-ARTS.

Music

• **Mit Zartheit** ("With Delicacy"). David Ogden Stiers conducts the Yaquina Chamber Orchestra in a program of holiday music. Dec. 17-18; 8 p.m.; Newport Performing Arts Center, 777 W. Olive, Newport. 503-265-ARTS.

• **Handel's Messiah.** Dec. 12; 2 p.m.; the Egyptian Theater, Coos Bay. Featuring the Southwestern Oregon Community College Choir. Lee Littlefield will provide the instrumental accompaniment on the theater's house organ, a massive Wurlitzer originally used to accompany silent movies. For more information, call Crystal Landucci at 503-267-0938.

Other events

• **The Nutcracker,** performed by the Eugene Ballet Company/Oregon Coast Ballet Company. Dec. 23; 8 p.m.; Newport Performing Arts Center, 777 W. Olive, Newport. 503-265-ARTS.

Northern California

Music

• **Shasta Community Jazz Band,** Dec. 1 at 7:30 pm; **Shasta Community Concert Band,** Dec. 3-4 at 7:30 p.m.; **Shasta College Student Bands and Choirs Concert,** Dec. 8 at 7:30 p.m.; **Messiah Sing-Along with the Shasta Chorale,** Dec. 12 at 3:15 p.m. All performances at the Shasta College Theater in Redding. For more information, call 916-225-4807.

Exhibits

• **44th annual Faculty Show.** Drawings, photographs, ceramics, sculpture, prints, and architectural drawings. Through Dec. 16 at the Shasta College Gallery, 11555 Old Oregon Trail, Redding. 916-225-4807.

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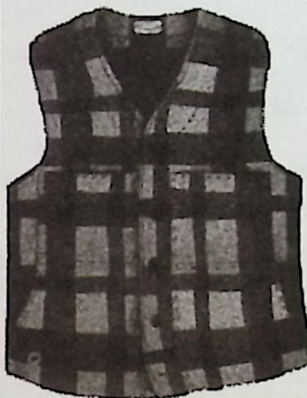


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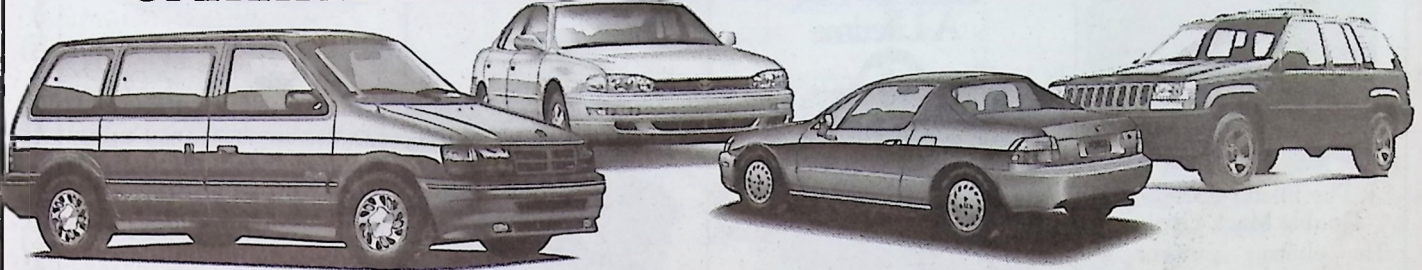
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